

this is very simple and can easily be accomplished. For places where the correct time cannot be easily obtained, this instrument should most certainly supersede the ordinary sun-dial, for although it is a little more difficult at first to understand, the readings are not liable to err by a greater quantity than one minute.

THE remarkable volatile compound nickel-carbonyl discovered recently by MR. LUDWIG MOND, F.R.S., and his fellow-workers, MESSRS. LANGER and QUINCKE, seems likely to prove of great industrial importance. MR. MOND has shown that by passing carbon-monoxide gas over finely powdered nickel ores, heated to a certain temperature, the metal in question is taken up by the gas and carried away in the form of nickel-carbonyl, while the other metals with which it is associated, and from which it has hitherto been a matter of considerable difficulty to separate it, are left behind. The nickel can easily be recovered from nickel-carbonyl by heating this substance to a temperature of 180° C., or a little over. By bringing the carbonyl in contact with a solid mould, heated to this temperature, a deposit of coherent nickel is obtained, precisely similar to that yielded by electro-plating, and copies of the mould can thus be produced. MR. MOND exhibited specimens of nickel reproductions and a model plant for the extraction of the metal according to his process at a recent lecture at the Royal Institution.

AMONG the deaths announced since our last issue are those of CARDINAL BATTAGLINI, Archbishop of Bologna, who managed to reconcile his duty to the POPE with a firm attachment to the Italian Monarchy, and had been spoken of as a possible Pope; LORD WINMARLEIGH, who, as COLONEL WILSON PATTEN, was successively Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster and Chief Secretary for Ireland in the Conservative Ministry of 1867-8; MR. CYRUS W. FIELD, to whose energy and persistence the establishment of transatlantic telegraphy is largely due, and who had taken a leading part in promoting the elevated railways in New York; the REV. JOHN THOMAS, D.D., a former Chairman of the Congregational Union, and noted in Wales and Liverpool as preacher, writer, and politician; MR. UNDERHILL, Q.C., Recorder of West Bromwich; the REV. BURMAN CASSIN, Rector of St. George the Martyr, Southwark; and MR. JOHN MORTON, Secretary of the Glasgow and South-Western Railway Company.

#### THE SCANDINAVIAN CONFLICT.

COPENHAGEN, July 11th.

THE crisis in Norway continues unabated, and the hope that some solution would be found before the end of last week proved altogether vain. The question is, indeed, a most difficult one, and neither the King, the Storting, or the (late) Steen Ministry shows any inclination to yield. In the meantime demonstrations and counter-demonstrations are being held in various parts of the country. It seems at least likely that if the nations were asked, and time was given for a sober consideration of the pros and cons, a plebiscite would be in favour of a continuation of the union. But the fact of the nation being divided makes it, on the face of it, still more difficult for King Oscar to bring matters to a satisfactory head.

The simplest way out of the difficulty would, of course, be an appeal to the country; but this is incompatible with the Constitution. The Norwegian Storting is elected for three years, and cannot be dissolved; the members must officiate their allotted time, and there being supplementary members in case of death or resignation, no election can take place outside the general one. Otherwise, it would have been very simple to let M. Stang form a new Ministry, get his inevitable vote of want-of-confidence, and then dissolve. Should a new Storting

then confirm the resolution of the present House, the King would have found at least a good apparent excuse for altering his decision and conceding on the point of consuls. But this is all idle speculation.

The probability of a Ministry of the Right seems to be increasing, although M. Emil Stang will have no enviable task to form a new Government. If only the Storting was not sitting he might have half-a-year's peace, and things might quiet down in the meantime. But the Storting, as is most natural, declines to accommodate the minority, and the clamourings for a new Ministry, or, at least, some tangible attempt at forming one, are getting louder every day.

The denunciations in the Radical press are becoming more and more vehement, and even the King has been spoken of in a manner which is rather lacking in politeness. Should a Conservative Government be formed, the Left evidently means to "keep the key to the exchequer in their pocket"; they have more than once threatened not to vote supplies. This is also the gist of the resolution passed at Gjøvik yesterday, where Björnsterne Björnson addressed a large meeting.

No wonder there have been rumours, however groundless, about the King intending to abdicate. This, in my opinion, King Oscar neither can nor will do; he has far too many loyal subjects in Norway for that. But what is he to do? B.

#### A RUSSIAN MORNING.

DASHA NARGARINE had been alone in the garden for hours. She was tired, bored. Throwing herself on the grass by the fountain in the shade of the big willow, she stretched out her slim silk legs, clasped her hands over her gold-brown head, and, gazing at the trails of greenery above, wondered why she felt so forlorn. Other times it had been a joy to escape from the restrictions of Petersburg life, with its daily round of masters and mistresses, dull work in the school-room, prim drives and walks, best frocks and bothers. Here in the country she had freedom, could run and romp in the big garden, climb trees with boy cousins, pillage the orchard, and read amusing books with her English governess. And, best of all, she saw much more of her beautiful mother, who at Petersburg was always too busy dancing, dressing, rushing from one gaiety to another, to give any time to her little girl.

But this year everything seemed wrong. Papa had hurried them here at an hour's notice two days ago. Mamma had remained in her room ever since, knocked up by the journey. There were no visitors, no cousins; and now this morning Miss Robins was in bed with a headache, and papa had gone away at dawn. She had been waked by a clatter of horses and wheels, and had rushed to the window just in time to see her father drive off; and he wouldn't even look up when she called to him and asked where he was going. Papa never played with her now—scarcely spoke to her. Yet she was nearly eleven years old, and had been so good all the winter at her lessons! He ought to love her more than before. Though he was a general, he had no old wounds like her grandfather's to upset his temper. Even to mamma he wasn't kind now—always stern and grumpy; and darling mamma was changed too. "If I had a little girl," thought Dasha, dolefully, "I'm sure I couldn't live two whole days without seeing her."

The child's eyes filled with tears as she formulated her wrongs, and, starting to her feet, she shook out her long mane and turned for comfort to the doll she had thrown on the bench close by. Alas! she had thrown it down roughly, and one plump wax arm had snapped. Dasha wasn't much affected by the catastrophe. She had outgrown dolls, and this old favourite had only been exhumed from the toy-cupboard in the dearth of better companionship.

Now she nursed it mechanically, while reflecting on the dreariness of turns in general. She was so lonely! There wasn't even a gardener about, and she was forbidden to go to the stables or to the courtyard where the servants chattered and peasants came and went. She turned restlessly towards the orchard; but no, she didn't care for cherries or currants to-day, and she had eaten all the ripe ones last night. Then she strolled down the long poplar path to a mound overlooking the public road in the hope of seeing her father's carriage. No, not even a cart stirred the dust of the highway. She only saw the thatched roofs of village izbas scattered among apple-trees and birches, a few curls of smoke, the ugly church cupola, the bridge over the wide, sluggish river, and a great green level of rye and hemp, reeds and grass, stretching away on all sides to the dark line of forest fringing the horizon. Not a soul was in sight; the sun blazed fiercely, crickets chirped exasperatingly. It was all horrid; she would go indoors. Miss Robins' head might be better now. So she went towards the house, a long white building with a colonnaded front and windows closely shuttered against the midday glare. Scampering round one of the wings, she noted that the glass door of her father's study was ajar. She darted in. Perhaps papa had come back. The room was empty; but she had not seen it for a year, and gazed about with curious eyes. It was a gaunt, unattractive room, chiefly used for interviews with peasants, and having more guns and fishing-tackle than books on its shelves. It seemed grimmer than ever, and the portrait of her mother—in a splendid fancy dress worn at the Winter Palace—over the leather divan now showed a blank wooden panel. Why was it turned with its face to the wall, and what was that little round hole in the middle? She indignantly reversed its position; the round hole pierced the jewelled bodice a little to the left. Who had dared injure dear mamma's portrait?

On the writing-table—papers and blotting-pad thrust to one side—stood two oblong wooden boxes. An impulse of curiosity moved Dasha to open the nearest. Why, of course—she might have guessed. Pistols, pretty inlaid things. Papa had quantities of beautiful weapons. But she had seen a box just this shape handed into her father's carriage that morning! Why should papa drive out with pistols beside him? It was strange. Her fingers shook as she hurriedly closed the case. How gloomy this room was, how chilly! And the house was so still! No voices, no footsteps, no sound at all but the ticking of the clock.

She scampered back into the garden. Ah! she could breathe here among the roses, with the cheerful sky overhead. But what should she do next, alone, with no one to speak to? So stupid of people to be all asleep! Ah! the broken doll. She didn't care for it any more, but it would be a nice gift to Mariuchka, the coachman's sick child, and make her very happy.

Speeding down the steps, across lawns and flower-beds, to the willow-shaded fountain, she picked up the crippled doll, dusted it, and arranged its finery with a return of maternal affection, saying to herself the while that Mariuchka must be taught to handle the treasure gently and never expose its wax face to the sun.

Oh! wheels in the avenue. Then papa was coming at last. Back to the house at full speed; but she only reached it in time to see her father cross the end of the great entrance-hall with an oblong box in his hand. He looked so stern and stiff she dared not pursue him into the study, but stood hesitating, mechanically hugging her doll—a pathetic little figure in that big, shadowy hall—and with startled eyes and an odd sense of fear in her heart. She tried to reassure herself. Of course the house was empty. The men had all been left in town, the few women here were upstairs in the other wing, and mamma and Miss Robins were both

ill. All the same she wished dear papa would let her stay with him.

Timidly she stepped to the study door, and, encouraged by a rustling of papers within, ventured a feeble knock. No answer. She knocked again, waited vainly for a word, and then suddenly turned the handle and slipped in.

The prince sat near the table, staring straight before him, with a rigid, white face. The child was at his elbow, stroking his sleeve, before he noted her presence. Then—

"Dasha!" he cried hoarsely, and caught her in his arms. She felt his heart throb heavily against hers. But the next moment he thrust her away, holding her at arm's length and scanning her face with hard, questioning eyes, as though seeking to wrest some secret from it. Then another embrace that left her breathless, and passionate kisses on brow and head.

"Poor little Dasha! My own Dasha!" he murmured, sighing between the words.

The child pressed her lips to his, with a shade of alarm in her pleasure. Papa didn't often pet her. But why did he squeeze her so tightly, and look so very wretched? Minutes passed; she was afraid to stir, but her eyes roved about the room. A third box stood on the table now; it was open, and only contained one pistol.

All at once the prince put her from him, and, starting up, asked abruptly, "Where is your mother?"

"Still in her room, papa. Are you going to her? Please, mayn't I come with you?"

The prince was already at the door. "No!" he replied harshly, "stay here; anywhere!"

"I haven't seen mamma for two days; I do want to see her!" she cried entreatingly, springing to him and seizing his hand.

He hesitated; his eyes flashed fiercely, then softened before his child's appealing glance.

"Poor child! Come then!"

He moved so rapidly across the hall and through the long file of darkened saloons that Dasha, still clinging to his hand lest he should change his mind, had to run to keep pace with him.

"Stay here till I call you!" he muttered, halting an instant in the boudoir at the end of the suite, and then, without knocking, vanished into his wife's room.

Dasha heard the key turned in the lock, and was offended. As if she would follow without leave! She wasn't a baby now! It was amazing that even papa should be so daring. Mamma's orders were laws. No one ventured into her room when she wished to be alone.

"Ah! of course she is angry," thought Dasha, as a cry reached her ears; and with pathetic indifference—domestic scenes being no novelty—she walked to the farthest window, and, profiting by a streak of light that made its way through the shutters, was soon absorbed in her doll's toilet. Skeins of floss silk discovered in a work-basket filled out the sleeve almost as well as the missing arm. She felt proud of her surgery, and almost repented her decision to give away the doll. It would seem as good as new with a neatly stuffed glove sewn on. But Miss Robins always said it was mean to withdraw a gift. It was true that Mariuchka didn't know of it—nevertheless she should have the doll all the same.

This point settled, Dasha placed the abandoned toy on a chair, and danced about, exhilarated by a sense of heroic virtue. She was a winsome little figure as she flitted to and fro in the track of the sunbeam. The ray of light seemed to play lovingly on her brown mane, turning its ripples to gold, while leaving the splendours of the room untouched.

Dasha had forgotten why she was waiting there, when a sudden stream of daylight flashed on gildings and brocades, and she saw her father stand beckoning at an open door.

"Come, kiss your mother," he said curtly.

No second bidding was needed. In an instant



Dasha was kneeling by the sofa, where a mass of soft white muslin indicated her mother's presence. The head lay turned away, buried in pillows; but a fair white arm and hand hung pendent, and the child covered them with warm kisses.

Suddenly the draperies stirred. The lady, pale and dishevelled, sprang to her feet, and, clutching Dasha tight, rushed with her towards the door.

But the prince barred the way, a stern, menacing figure.

"You forget," he said quietly.

His wife stood as though petrified, her beautiful face drawn and white, fixing him with desperate, terror-stricken eyes. But his glance of command never wavered, and with a low wail the mother clasped the child closer, and with ice-cold lips gave her one long, long kiss.

"Now go—go to Miss Robins. The princess is ill," said her father imperatively, tearing her from her mother's arms. The next instant the child was again in the boudoir outside a locked door.

But a changed child now—desperate with terror, her brain whirling with an awful knowledge of what had been, was to be.

One bewildered, paralysed moment, and then she flew to the window, tore open heavy fastenings with swift strength, leapt out and rushed round the corner of the house to the conservatory opening into her mother's room. Too late! As she dashed through the glass door there was a report within, and the child dropped on the threshold among the palms, as though she, too, were shot to the heart.

\* \* \* \* \*

Ten years later a ball at the Russian Embassy introduced a new beauty to the London world. Everyone was raving about the lovely young bride with the snow-white hair. Little Prince X., most retiring and taciturn of *attachés*, was dragged from his corner and besieged with questions, on account of his evident intimacy with the fair stranger.

His replies, though brief, were to the point. "Yes, of course he had known Princess Dasha all his life. They were cousins, and her husband, Strogonoff—capital fellow!—his uncle. No, she *didn't* bleach her hair! Brain fever years ago—sad story! Mother, Princess Nargarine, an awful bad lot. Father found it out at last—wouldn't stand it! So one day shot his man in fair fight, came home, and shot his wife. Poor child saw it done—nearly died! Hair white ever since. Father?—oh! still alive, but a monk. No, not from repentance—despair, because Dasha couldn't bear the sight of him."

LINDA VILLARI.

## LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

### POLLING REFORMS: THE LAW IN FRANCE.

DEAR SIR,—With reference to your article in last Saturday's *SPEAKER* on this subject, it may be interesting to quote the text of the French law passed on November 30th, 1875, for election of members to the Chamber of Deputies:—

"No one is elected at the first ballot [*au premier tour de scrutin*] without having obtained—

1. The absolute majority of the votes recorded.
2. A number of votes equal to one-fourth of the electors on the register."

Yours truly,  
J. B. LATHAM.

19, Rue Notre Dame des Victoires, Paris, July 13th, 1892.

## THE NEWCASTLE ELECTION.

VIRTUE went down to Newcastle,  
And prayed to be let in;  
But the citizens said, with significant smile,  
"Virtue's commendable once in a while,  
But a conscience is costly to keep,  
And our own is at present asleep,  
For we have an Election to win."  
So Virtue in sorrow departed.

Culture went down to Newcastle,

And prayed to be let in,  
And the citizens clung to the fringe of her cloak,  
And begged to be deemed an intelligent folk;  
"But still, you'll excuse us," they said with regret,  
"If for once we give way to the ignorant set,  
For we have an Election to win."  
So Culture in sorrow departed.

Justice went down to Newcastle,

And prayed to be let in,  
And the citizens bowed as she entered the town;  
But swift on her countenance gathered a frown,  
For Passion and Prejudice sat on the throne,  
And Selfishness grabbed every vote as her own,  
For she had an Election to win.  
So Justice in sorrow departed.

A Harlequin went to Newcastle,

And prayed to be let in,  
And the citizens met him, a numerous band,  
Put wreaths on his forehead and rings on his hand,  
And shouting in chorus with jubilant swing,  
They cheered him, and robed him, and crowned him as king,  
For they had an Election to win,  
And Harlequin stays as their chosen.

July 11th, 1892.

QUIST.

## A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE SPEAKER OFFICE,

Friday, July 15th, 1892.

GENERALISATIONS on the art of writing are happily rarer than the amount of modesty that most men of letters possess would lead us to expect. For one thing, few authors like to talk of their method, just as your clock-winder nods mysteriously to children when they ask him how the wheels go round; all trades like to have the pleasure of keeping their secrets. For another thing, there is a deep conviction among men who can do certain things that he who talks much about them cannot do them. And for a third, and a more important reason than the two former, authors, luckily for themselves, are indifferent analysts of their gifts, and could no more give a scientific exposition of what their work is than a professor of literature can teach style to a class of students.

To dwell, therefore, on the side of technique in literary workmanship had better be left to the American interviewers who ask the unhappy celebrity going West, "*How* he came to write so and so?" and if occasionally a Rousseau vouchsafe the information that he always composed when his mind was warm and aglow with confused images, we can pass over in respectful silence his added remark that, in his opinion, if he had waited till his excitement had passed away, and had then composed, few writers would have excelled him. We propose to touch on a different side of the subject—that of "What the author owes to his Age."

"What the Age owes to the author" we all know or at least, it has been the business, and is the business, of every good critic to inform us; but "what the author owes to his Age" is rarely spoken of and rarely examined. Yet the latter consideration is of far greater interest to most men of letters than the former, for to deal with it is to come immediately into contact with all those entangled and ramifying causes which have aided and strengthened men in the capture, let us call it, of their own genius—a capture which, though the "professors" record it not, is in nine cases out of ten only attained after the long chase which Carlyle has called an *infinite capacity for taking pains*. To find out what a writer owes to his Age is indeed to get a very clear and exact idea of the man himself, and the way his

genius works. It is much the same thing as turning a coat inside out to examine the workmanship; the public see the effect of the cut, but the tailor wants to see how the cloth has been put together. The only difficulty in the whole matter is the finding out!

This difficulty cheerfully and humbly admitted, let us take an illustration in—say Calverley. Some time ago, in a *Causerie* in THE SPEAKER, a writer (we think from his style it must have been Q.) held up Calverley as a bad example to all young craftsmen in literature. He pointed out that Calverley was not to be studied or imitated by them, because he did not take life seriously, or seriously enough. This was a weighty counsel, and no doubt proved of service to many timid and hesitating young authors; but it implied that Calverley's point of view was essentially frivolous, and that he was to blame accordingly. But we submit, with due respect to Q. (or to the writer who writes occasionally in THE SPEAKER), that it was the Age and not Calverley that was primarily to blame, if blame (and here we arouse whole hosts of Calverley lovers) it is to be. And thus we state our case.

Calverley was pitched by Fate into the very middle of times which may be here christened, for lack of a better name, the Prince Albert Memorial Times, though it may be—and we have not the data at our fingers' ends—that that glittering triumph of British art rather saw the end set on Calverley's hopes of serious work in poetry than stood to him as an early encouragement to persevere with his satirical attacks on his contemporaries and himself. Calverley, Q. asserts (unless we do him injustice), was a real poet of considerable gifts, which he misused and undervalued. But Calverley, we submit, was a real poet, with too keen a sense of humour to succeed in his art. He chanced to be thrown into surroundings which proved fatal to his serious muse, but excellent for the development of his sense of comedy. In other words, he went to college. Unhappy poet, he tried both Oxford and Cambridge! and let the ten thousand men of those institutions here stand forth, and avow how many excellent poets have been slain in the spirit, for ever and ever, by becoming undergraduates. A few survive; the rest the Newdigate claims. Calverley, very wisely, did not let the waves of British Philistinism knock all the breath of poetry out of him; he took headers through some waves and swam over others, and emerged *laughing*; but he had too keen a sense of the ridiculous, too humorous a perception of his exact position in his Materialistic Age, to ever try hard to do really important work. He had no choice but to employ the extraordinary facility and skill which Q. praises in him, in—

"Poising evermore the eyeglass,  
In the light sarcastic eye,  
Lest by chance some breezy nursemaid  
Pass without a tribute by."

"But," Q. and others will remark, "other poets existed when Calverley flourished; Tennyson and Browning and Meredith were writing, and they let not the haunting shadow of the nursemaid drive them into comic verse." This is most true, and it may serve to make us a little more precise in discussing "what the author owes to his Age." And, as Meredith's name has been mentioned, we will take him for a further illustration.

What does Meredith owe to his Age? That the Prince Albert Memorial Times should have produced such a novelist—so realistic, and yet so poetical in essence—might at first sight lead some critics to generalise to the effect that a great writer, while making use of his Age, secretly sets it at defiance,

and ultimately forces it to exhibit *what is in him* even more than it forces him to set forth *what is in it*. The question is of course a difficult one; but, taking Meredith's case, let us call attention to what has been curiously little remarked on, viz., that it is to his Age that he owes his philosophy. What is the centre of his philosophy but a profound and noble interpretation of the Darwinian theory? It is the fashion nowadays to take for granted that all modern writers take their standpoint from the Darwinian point of view; but this is not so. Few writers have assimilated it—none so completely as Meredith. He has, consciously or unconsciously, probed and endlessly questioned human nature by its light, and where other men have drawn material facts from their examination, he, by his, unlike the divines, has rehabilitated spiritual truths. And this collision of his with the Darwinism of his Age has profoundly affected, and indeed partly destroyed, his poetical vein. The endless philosophical riddles that constantly tease and torment readers in his incomprehensibly fine poems are surely the result of the constant struggle in him between the emotions and the understanding—a struggle which he is never tired of presenting in every light. Again, his merciless examinations of feeling, and his recurring analysis of the semi-artificial, semi-natural aspects of man in relation to society, would they exist if Meredith had followed his bent towards literature in Richardson's Age? No; assuredly not. His nobility of thought, his wit, his spirit of romance, might have been as strong, or even stronger, and he would assuredly have gained by the loss of that surgical style of his which makes us see his characters as real men and women; it is true, but men and women with their nerves and mental tendons all exposed to view. Meredith, with his many gifts and his staying power, must have excelled as a writer in any Age; but could any but ours have given the particular philosophy which his genius has assimilated and reproduced in his imaginative work?

Now that the eighth paragraph in this *Causerie* has been reached, the danger of taking off a literary coat and trying to ascertain how it is made will show the least critical how much safer a proceeding it is to examine the garment when fitted on, and to adjust praise or blame accordingly. What the Age owes to its authors is obvious when a week may bring discoveries of new poets by the Scientific in these matters, or passages in the newspapers about the work of authors who have received Gladstonian postcards; but assuming that errors may be perpetrated in *Causeries*—and we have precedents for this—let us, as Mr. Andrew Lang no doubt often says to himself in like case, go forward gaily and perpetrate a few more errors.

What does Mr. Rudyard Kipling owe to his Age? He who answers hastily answers wrong; but the correct answer, whatsoever it may be, will go far toward settling the worth of the writer in question. Mr. Kipling undoubtedly has had excellent opportunities, but still more undoubtedly by his genius it is that he has made excellent use of them. To our mind he will represent better to posterity, far and away better than any of his contemporaries, the extraordinary movement of the Anglo-Saxon in this century towards the opening up of the earth. The movement will, nay must, pass away, the Saxon will be assimilated, or let us say *digested*, by the other races (who no doubt for a hundred years or so will find him a tough morsel), but the fate of the Roman will be his; he will reappear in half a dozen forms as different from himself as are the French, the Spaniards, and the Italians from their conquerors. But to whose pages will the historian and the general reader turn to get the picture, the vividest of all pictures, of this particular opening up? To Rudyard Kipling's. He is the *Daily Telegraph*,



the *Calcutta Englishman*, the gazetteer, and the caricature all in one, but in artistic shape, living and actual as the wall-paintings of Pompeii. The curious taste of the emancipated English labourer for blood, dust, beer, and bad language, the extraordinary morality and sense of duty of the upper civilian classes, the immense virtues and still mightier limitations of our breed, will be fresh in his pages when Bluebooks, and the *Daily Telegraph*, and colonial newspapers, are too numerous preserved for anyone to take the trouble of choosing amongst them. To Rudyard Kipling all will go, all who seek to understand the English colonial movement. But what has this dissertation to do with the point from which we started? This—that Mr. Rudyard Kipling has had strength enough to assimilate his Age, and that he owes his strength to that nourishing food; and this—that the writer who most faithfully represents his Age commonly owes most to it; that the writer who seems to have little to do with it, often owes everything to it by the spirit of antagonism it raises in him; and finally, that no writers reflect their surroundings, and so in a sense their Age, more faithfully than those hosts of mediocrities who are responsible for the cartloads of fiction produced to-day. On this latter point we may enlarge in another *Causerie*.

AUTOLYCUS.

## REVIEWS.

### A COLONIAL CONSTITUTION.

THE GOVERNMENT OF VICTORIA. By Edward Jenks. London: Macmillan & Co.

TWO years ago the Colony of Victoria lost one of its ripest scholars and leading politicians in the person of Dr. Hearn, the author of the "Aryan Household." For many years Dr. Hearn had filled with great success the Chair of Law in Melbourne University, and the Government selected as his successor Mr. Edward Jenks, who had just completed a distinguished career at Cambridge. Upon taking up the duties of his office, Mr. Jenks found that he was required to lecture on "public law," a phrase used in recent times by writers on jurisprudence to denote what is generally called Constitutional Law. But of this subject, as far as Victoria was concerned, Mr. Jenks tells us in the preface, with great frankness, he possessed no special knowledge—a fact that strikingly illustrates the narrow range of legal study at our old universities. With characteristic promptness Mr. Jenks proceeded to collect the materials for a text-book, and the volume before us is the result.

The first portion of the work is historical. A clear and concise account is given of the constitutional development of New South Wales and Victoria, these two Colonies not having been separated until 1850. Special prominence is given to municipal institutions, inasmuch as Government has centred mainly round town life.

It would be interesting to institute a comparison between the various theories that exist as to the relative order of the development of the early institutions of a state with the actual order of events that have occurred in our Colonies. In Victoria the arbiter or judge chosen by the people came first, after him appeared the police magistrate appointed by the Central Government, the magistrate brought a policeman, and the community at once built a gaol.

In the second part of the book the analytical method is adopted, and the existing form of government is surveyed in a way similar to that followed by Sir William Anson in his well-known treatise on the law and custom of the Constitution. Criticism of the institutions described is, with one important exception, carefully avoided. It would be unjust to make any complaint against the author on this ground: he is writing for students with the sole object of describing the Government as it is, and not as it might or ought to be.

The most characteristic feature of the Upper House, or Legislative Council, lies in the fact that it is elected by the people, and not nominated by the Governor on the advice of his Ministers. The House is never dissolved, members holding their seats for six years, a certain number retiring from time to time by rotation but being eligible for re-election. Members must be thirty years of age and possess a freehold estate of the clear annual value of £100. They do not appear to be paid for their services. It would be interesting to know to what extent the Legislative Council is able to control the course of legislation. But there is evidence to show that a second House based on election tends to retain a larger share of legislative power than one nominated by the Crown or its representative. The electors to the Upper House fall into two classes. First, those qualified to vote through the possession of a property qualification of £10 a year in the case of freehold, and £25 a year in the case of leasehold and occupying tenancies. Secondly, those who vote in respect of an educational qualification, *e.g.*, graduates of universities, lawyers, ministers, doctors, and schoolmasters. Even matriculation in the local university confers the franchise. The electors return forty-eight members distributed amongst fourteen provinces, of which six return four members each, and the remaining eight each send three.

If we turn to the Lower House, we find that a residence for twelve months in the Colony is the principal franchise. But owners of freehold estates of the annual value of £5 and ratepayers enrolled in municipal districts are entitled to vote. Apparently a voter may have more than one qualification and vote in more than one district—a subject that occupied the attention of the last Parliament, and was one of the issues at the late general election.

As in England all voters, whether for the Upper or Lower House, have to be registered, but the registration is not surrounded with the harassing checks that exist amongst us and deprive many thousand voters of the franchise. Each division has a salaried registrar, whose duties are to keep and publish rolls of the persons entitled to vote and to issue to any elector a certificate of his right. No residence in a division is required, twelve months' residence in the colony is sufficient, and hence a right to vote can be easily transferred from one division to another. The Petty Sessions sits as a Revision Court twice a year—in February and August—and the roll as settled by the Court becomes the electoral roll until the next revision.

It is to be regretted that Mr. Jenks has not given a special chapter to the legal limitations to the powers of the Victorian Legislature. The reader will find the subject referred to here and there, but in such a way as to leave rather a confused impression on the mind.

A careful comparison of the various statutes relating to the subject shows that the legislative powers of the Colony are limited in five ways. (1) The Crown may direct the Governor to reserve any Bill for the signification of Her Majesty's pleasure thereon. It appears from the permanent instructions that the Governor is always directed to reserve Bills relating to the following:—The Royal prerogative, the discipline of military or naval forces, matters inconsistent with treaty obligations, differential duties, currency, divorce, grants to the Governor, or the rights and property of British subjects not residing in the Colony. (2) The Crown may veto any Bill assented to by the Governor within two years after such Bill has been received by a Secretary of State. (3) Duties cannot be imposed on any supplies imported into the Colony for the use of Her Majesty's forces. (4) Duties cannot be imposed at variance with any treaty. (5) Any Colonial law repugnant to an Act of Parliament is void to the extent of the repugnancy. This last limitation is merely the recognition of the principle that the power of the Imperial Parliament to enact laws for the whole

Empire is not legally affected by the grant of legislative powers to any part of the Queen's dominions.

Mr. Jenks thinks that party government is breaking down in the Colony for the reason that the great political questions that are still to the front in English politics have long ago been settled in Australia, with the result that now "there are no political parties in Victoria." It is true that the relation of capital to labour is a leading question of the day, but we are told that this is not likely to form a basis for party government, inasmuch as the Legislative Council is the organ of capital, whilst the Legislative Assembly is the mouthpiece of labour. Add to this that there is a want of cohesion amongst the Colonists, that the binding force of political tradition is weak, and that the democracy has a deep-seated jealousy of paid officials, and we have apparently a strong argument against the continuance of party government. But is not Mr. Jenks assuming that a condition of things will be permanent which is but a passing phase of Colonial life? The want of cohesion amongst a shifting population and the disrespect for political traditions are naturally incident to every new country. The time will surely come when the Colony will possess a large settled population with the same instincts in favour of home life and the same veneration for their place of birth as we find at home. The want of a burning political question on which parties may divide is a more serious argument, but with the political history of the United States before us it would be rash to predict that burning questions will not arise. We expect that the Cabinet system will still continue, though probably there will tend to be a change of Ministry at every election.

It yet remains to be seen how far the federation of the Colonies will transfer the arena of party fights from the local to the central legislature.

There are many points on which a student of politics would like to have further information, but we must feel grateful to Mr. Jenks for his interesting volume.

#### GENERAL ROBERT CRAUFURD.

GENERAL CRAUFURD AND HIS LIGHT DIVISION. By the Rev. Alexander H. Craufurd, M.A. London: Griffith, Farran, Okeden, and Welsh.

No life of the commander of the famous light division has yet been written, and Mr. Craufurd's memoir of his grandfather's career is a welcome addition to military biography. His qualifications for the task are evident, and it is to be regretted that he has not given us a more complete history of the man whose genius for war has traced a lasting record upon the annals of the British army.

Among many illustrious names, Scotland has produced few better soldiers than the General to whom Wellington wrote: "Since you have joined the army, I have always wished that you should command our outposts." The Peninsular war possesses an undying fascination. From first to last the proceedings were characteristically British. No statesman appears in the least to have grasped the issues, or understood the needs of the army which Wellington had literally to create. The defence of Spain and Portugal had been undertaken; it must somehow be carried through. And while deficient in every respect, save in leadership and in fighting power, this army gained surprising victories, which at length triumphantly carried it forward into the heart of France. In this great drama, the light division, trained into a splendid weapon of war by Robert Craufurd, played a glorious part. The early career of Wellington's future commander of outposts was varied and eventful. As a young captain of nineteen he studied tactics under Frederick the Great at Potsdam manœuvres nine years before Valmy. In 1790-2 he served under Cornwallis against Tippoo Sultan, and later under Lake in Ireland against Humbert's abortive invasion. In the

following year he was present with the Austrians in Switzerland, and afterwards took part as a staff officer in the Duke of York's ill-starred expedition to Holland. Raised to the command of more than 4,000 men by Mr. Windham in 1805, a wider field seemed to have opened before him; but the plans were changed, and at Buenos Ayres, in 1806, the imbecility of the notorious General Whitelock brought unmerited disgrace upon the force, and embittered the mind of the young brigadier.

In 1808 Craufurd sailed for the Peninsula with the troops intended to reinforce Sir J. Moore, and after difficulties arising from the red tape by which all military affairs seem to be inevitably hampered, he secured the command of the light division. During the cruel sufferings of the retreat on Corunna the sterling nature of the man showed itself unmistakably. Sternly severe in his punishments, he yet made himself understood by the men, whose safety, throughout the terrible march, was his first object. "No man," wrote Rifleman Harris, "but one formed of stuff like General Craufurd could have saved the brigade from perishing altogether." The later deeds of the light division have been told in the brilliant language of Napier, who, if not always just to the memory of Craufurd, abundantly attests his superlative qualities as a commander of outposts, and, on the field of Busaco at least, shows him to have been a great tactician. At the head of the storming party of his light division Craufurd fell gloriously in the breach of Ciudad Rodrigo, leaving a memory of which the British army may well be proud.

Mr. Craufurd has inherited the special regard of the private soldier which characterised the General, who seems never to have been thoroughly understood by the officer class. His own sympathies are broad, and he rightly dwells upon the power which commanders too often neglect. It is not too much to say that "if our present officers would learn of that noblest of all our leaders (Moore), we should hear no more of mutinous conduct in our regiments."

#### MAHAFFY'S PROBLEMS IN GREEK HISTORY.

PROBLEMS IN GREEK HISTORY. By J. P. Mahaffy, M.A., D.D. London: Macmillan & Co.

WHEN Professor Mahaffy wrote an Aristotelian treatise on the Art of Conversation, he certainly "dared a deed of daring had been perilled but by few." But he was justified by his works: he evidently understands the principles on which the art of pleasant talking is grounded. It is that which gives his books part of their charm. Of all learned writers of the present day he stands first in the curious power of detaining a reader, as it were, by the button-hole. He is not a stylist; he is not so eloquent nor so accurate nor so humorous as some other scholars, but he is the most readable of all. One of the penalties he pays for this easy conversational grace is that he almost never proves a point. He suggests, he makes probable, he persuades; but full proof is just too laborious for him. In the book now before us it is striking how often we find sentences of the form: "I repeat these facts, which I had urged long ago, from the recent summary of Busolt;" or, "I am glad to see that So-and-so now agrees with what I said in such and such a year;" the fact mostly being that Mr. Mahaffy, with his very remarkable gifts of historical imagination and insight, has quite often anticipated the results of recent research; but the power of Darwin was not his, he could not wait to make sure. Another defect to which his conversational manner leads him is a tendency to repeat a point which strikes him, whether it needs repetition or not. For instance, he gives us two accounts of a bad slip of E. Curtius (pp. 59 and 225), and more than two little dissertations on the credulity of sceptics.

The plan of this book is to treat certain special problems of Greek history, mostly disconnected,



about which the author feels he has news to tell. The news is partly original, *e.g.*, the important and convincing chapter on the Olympian register. Partly, and indeed chiefly, it consists in what is hardly less interesting, the criticism of the views of divers historians, new and old, from Gillies and Mitford, both dating a century back, to Holm and the second edition of Busolt, which is not yet published. Mr. Mahaffy always contrives to know something intimate and subtle about foreign books yet unborn. The first chapter gives a fascinating description of the earlier historians, and the author more or less displays his own hand in dealing with the political bias of Mitford and of Grote. He declares with a healthy boldness that he means to use history for guidance in politics; that he is not a bit afraid of drawing modern parallels. Accordingly we find as the book wears on that the opposition of Demosthenes to Macedon was like the heroic resistance of a few Irish landlords to the National League, the indifference of Demosthenes' contemporaries like the unfortunate weakness which is now inducing so many people in Ireland, who ought to know better, to accept the advance of Home Rule. We find that aged statesmen are a terrible danger to politics; that in the second century B.C. Greece was divided between the party in favour of union with Rome and the "Nationalists," some of whom became even "Separatists"; that these Separatists were very tyrannous, and would not allow their Ulsters to separate from them. On the other hand, there are many remarks worthy of serious note in Mr. Mahaffy's political parallels. He is very suggestive in treating of Greek education, and the far higher conception they had of the duties of the State; and his account of his hero Alexander is full of freshness and clear thinking. On the whole it is interesting to observe how a Unionist who is drifting fast before the wind to Toryism has a latent fire of Liberal enthusiasm kept alight in despite of himself, albeit in a disguised form, by the study of the most liberal nation that ever existed.

We have many of Professor Mahaffy's old points and paradoxes. Herodotus is the philosophical historian; Thucydides the mere stylist, though he is not much even at that. Xenophon, whom we all took for a strong, keen soldier, writing down with difficulty experiences too thrilling to be spoilt by any poverty of style, is really a mere *littérateur*, a mercenary soldier who could not find employment because he was only strong with the pen. Demosthenes is a person of little principle: he saw the importance of the Macedonian Question, and he only took an average number of bribes; but he was a thorough-paced, unscrupulous special-pleader, with—what next, O shade of Aeschines?—a highly artificial style! Paradoxes we must call these views in the mass; but there is not one of them unsupported by solid and serious reasoning as well as ingenuity.

One of the most interesting things in the book is the discussion on pp. 201 et seq. on the influence of Greece upon our religion at the present time. In a few pages the author demolishes the view which has been a common-place since Renan, that our religion is entirely Semitic. He shows in brief outline what is well worth the most elaborate study, how the Christianity of the early Church is built up in many of its very highest parts by the philosophy of the Stoic, the Neo-Platonist, and, what is more, the Cynic and the Epicurean.

#### LEGEND AND RACE.

ETHNOLOGY IN FOLKLORE. By George Laurence Gomme, F.S.A. (Modern Science Series.) London: Kegan Paul.

In this little volume Mr. Gomme endeavours to show that the study of folklore may usefully serve as a guide to the ethnologist, because differences of custom or ritual are correlated to distinctions of race. In folklore, he argues, there can be found a large residuum of savage customs; "all evidence goes to

prove that the peasantry have inherited rude and irrational practices from savage predecessors"; and these practices, though overlaid by the higher culture, still survive tenaciously. What is the secret of this vitality during the ages that have passed since a population—like that of the British Islands, for instance—was actually in the savage state? It is to be discovered, says our author, in the fact that the forces which have kept these queer customs alive are to a very great extent identical with race. He shows, by way of corroboration, that in India certain barbarous rites belong mainly to the aboriginal tribes; and he argues that where English folklore points to the existence at some earlier time of similar rites in England, we may safely conclude from such evidence that we are upon the track of an aboriginal or primitive racial element among our own peasantry.

This theory is illustrated—as is usual among professors of folklore—by a number of curious and remarkable examples of the similarity of certain beliefs and stories belonging to very different ages and races. Some of these appear, in fact, to be ubiquitous; they are to be found by contemporary travellers among savage tribes, and by antiquarians in the unswept corners of highly civilised countries. Well-worship, for instance, is classed as a primitive belief; it exists all over the world, and is found closely connected with the still more widespread practice of tying rags to bushes. Assuming this to be the relic of a non-Aryan cult, and observing that where it prevails megalithic monuments are found, Mr. Gomme detects in these things the traces of a pre-Aryan people, and an argument in favour of a megalithic date for well-worship and rag offerings. In like manner, stone-worship, demon-worship, and modern witchcraft are classified as belonging by descent or survival to non-Aryan beliefs, yet these superstitions are still rife among an Aryan peasantry. The inference is that the land must have been once peopled by the primitive folk among whom such beliefs originated. By this process our author undertakes to elicit new and valuable data for indicating hitherto unsuspected differences of race. We are thus led on to examine the "Ethnic Genealogy of Folklore"; since the descent of some queer notion, village custom, or grotesque legend, can often be traced backward to a savage rite, and where this can be done we have at once the sign of an ethnical variety. From this point of view folklore, as we understand Mr. Gomme, can be so handled as to throw much fresh light on ethnic problems, and greatly to assist the researches of scholarship.

We must confess to uneasy doubts as to the validity of this process, and as to the importance of our author's conclusions. That the rude customs and unintelligible beliefs among the peasantry of a civilised country are often derived from the antique superstitions of earlier races who may have been displaced or absorbed, is of course perfectly well known. Where the stratification of races is still partly visible, as in India, the precise connection, the transitional forms, can frequently be traced. But even in India the ethnic distinctions are by no means clear; the lines that separate Aryan from non-Aryan cannot always be drawn with certainty, even when the two races are there before our eyes in the same country. Nor does difference of belief or worship coincide or fit in with distinctions of ethnic origin. It does not at all follow, even in India, that the rough and barbarous customs of the people are derived from the lowest ethnologic strata; still less can it be argued that custom or ritual supplies any sure evidence of race. When we look to those parts of the civilised world where the various tribes, clans, and immigrations from other lands have long ago been amalgamated into one nationality, where there has been incessant crossing of blood, where social conditions and the changes and chances of the world's history have depressed certain classes and raised others, where poverty, ignorance, and misery may have engendered all kinds

of wild fancies and rude worships—in such countries the attempt to distinguish the aboriginal elements in peasant folk-lore must be in the highest degree precarious and conjectural. Mr. Gomme hardly seems to realise the extent to which such beliefs and practices are dependent on mental states which may be the outcome of mere social degradation, of an isolated life, or of some great widespread calamity quite as much as of contact with wild tribes or with an anterior and lower civilisation. Nor does he take into account the fact that a higher belief may be so debased as to gain currency among a lower race, or that the traditions of rural folk are constantly coloured by grotesque transformations of genuine history or superior religions. When he declares that “no known factor in the records of history can be pointed to as the origin of the practices, beliefs, and traditions of the peasantry,” he assumes much too broadly and positively an exceedingly disputable position. In short, he does not, we think, sufficiently recognise the multifarious and entangled origins of folklore, and the consequent impossibility of determining, because a strong likeness may exist between a queer village custom and the rite of some barbarous tribe, that the two practices are genealogically connected. There are abundant instances of odd and fantastic stories and practices from which no such descent can reasonably be claimed, and which need no other explanation than the rambling fancy of credulous folk or the natural bent of simple superstition.

We think, therefore, that Mr. Gomme's theory is not proven, because it is incapable of proof. But the idea is ingenious, it is worked out with much knowledge and skill, and it has suggested a book which is well worth reading on its merits as an interesting contribution to the literature of folklore.

#### OLD TOURAINE.

OLD TOURAINE: The Life and History of the Famous Château of France. By T. A. Cook. London: Percival & Co.

THESE are valuable and fascinating and handy volumes, with well-chosen, faithful and pleasant pictures; and no one who can read English should ever again go without them to that valley of the Loire which is so full of history and romance. And everyone who has been there should have this work—for it is an able work, too—in his library.

The Plantagenets have lived and died here, the Black Prince has fought up and down the river, Sir Walter Raleigh served his first campaign here with the Protestants, even King Arthur has been heard of at Amboise. Here are scenes that Turner has painted, where Lander and Wordsworth have watched the setting sun; here in the heart of France there seems a special interest for the Englishman, in this royal river flowing past Fontevault to the sea.

Knowing the ground well, the reviewer said to himself, as he read: “Of course Rabelais and Balzac will be mentioned, but will the author speak of *le Lys dans la Vallée* and of *Eugénie Grandet*?” And he does. “Will he care to mention the *Contes Drolatiques*?” He does, but not at Azay-le-Rideau. Dumas also, of course; but we were a little unready for the brief allusion contained in “*Raoul*,” *tout court*, at Blois; and the notion of assigning labyrinthine Chambord with its thirteen great, and endless minor, staircases, and its 400 rooms, to Baron “Porthos” de Bracieux de Pierrefonds is worthy of Dumas himself. We were glad, too, to see Mr. Cook recognising the considerable historical fidelity of Dumas (perhaps of Maquet's devilling, rather), which contrasts so forcibly with the unveracious Hugo. Thus light literature is as prominent as historical side-lights and biographical gossip in these most idling pages; but George Sand was the name, not Georges; and Mr. Cook is clearly not an irreclaimable Villonist, or he would not ask us to believe that that strange and shady slight personage held a position at court at Blois “until 1465,” or at any time whatever; or that he wrote “*le Dit de la naissance Marie*”; or that he congratulated Charles d'Orléans on the birth of Louis XII.

or that he “came and played chess with the old duke.” That was not precisely what “*eschec*!” meant in Master Villon's rogue's jargon.

Then one wondered whether Mr. Cook would call François I<sup>er</sup> “*le roy Cognacais*.” He does not, though he twice says what is nearly equivalent. But it seems in so complete a book a considerable omission—at least to anyone who has carefully patrolled the anciently strong position of Amboise—that he never mentions Viollet le Duc's “*Histoire d'une Forteresse*”; though indeed Amboise was not its ground. The chapter on Loches is perhaps the best of all; and the idea that the section of a large shell suggested to the architect to reverse its volute in the staircase at Blois was an excellent discovery; but the architect might have had a naturally reversed shell directly to his hand and eye. Such conch, chank, or sankha shells are not unknown; they are called *dakshināvarta*, right-twisted, and used to be worth their weight in gold, as holiest cosmic symbols, to the Hindūs. They now cost some four or five pounds in India.

What one chiefly misses in all these Touraine châteaux is the legend. It must be a racial question. All is history, battle, murder and sudden death; or biography, and scabrous biography; but the myths and legends which add such a mysterious background to the castles of the Rhine are absent. Lusignan indeed, further south, and Coucy in the north-east, have their primary legends; but the Loire is merely human when it is not inhuman, and terribly so. And Mr. Cook has everywhere carefully brought out the stern fact that royal and noble family châteaux are doomed as such in France. They fall empty, deserted and out of repair, into the hands of mortgage banks, like Chenonceaux, or of rich new men, like Langeais; or into ruins, like Chinon; the great Revolution has not yet completed its work. While reading Mr. Cook's volumes we received (8th April, 1892) the report of the *Crédit Foncier*, which had advanced £32,000 on Chenonceaux, and we looked to see if Mr. Cook had mentioned its re-sale for £40,000. He does mention even this small fact (ii. 182) but not the price. Thus even the guide-book matter is unusually up to date. The remark that “only a Yorkshireman can do justice to a breakfast in Touraine” called back one's best sympathies; but why not put a name to the *vin mousseux* at Chenonceaux, and call it (Bismarck's) *Vouvray sec*, and say that Rochecorbon is the best place to buy it, slightly liqueured or not, in the wood?

#### SHORT STORIES BY Q.

I SAW THREE SHIPS, AND OTHER WINTER'S TALES. By Q., Author of “*The Splendid Spur*,” “*Noughts and Crosses*,” etc. London: Cassell & Co.

PART of this volume is already known to readers of THE SPEAKER—the weird tale of the Haunted Mirror; but the principal tale, after which the volume is named, appeared elsewhere, and is worth commenting on as being perhaps the most artfully planned and the most brilliantly executed of all Mr. Couch's longer stories. Nowhere else has he succeeded so well in combining realistic humour and strong local colour with imaginative romance. Like the hornpipe danced by his fascinating stranger in Farmer Tresidder's kitchen, it is excellent as an academic performance *secundum artem*, and as such deserves and repays critical study; while the personal gift, the inspiration, that transfigures and gives life to the art is also there. The tale begins with a proclamation of banns in a little Cornish church by the sea, and ends with a wedding. The actors in the little drama which is played between these events are placed vividly before us in the first chapter, clearly outlined on the stage of the quiet Cornish parish. The everyday life of the parish and its more ordinary excitements are happily sketched in a few characteristic figures. Then we have a suggestion of the more extraordinary excitements



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that diversify life in this quiet corner, the strange things that may come to them now and then out of the mist and storm of the great sea that connects them with the vast world beyond. The wreck of the first ship is most artfully used to convey this impression of a narrow life encompassed by the strangest possibilities. It and its rescued crew are passed formally out of the story, and we return for a moment to the beach and the wreckage to perfect our acquaintance with the homely folk till the second wreck comes out of the dark storm-tost sea. With the rescue of a stranger from this second wreck the romance of the story begins, and it is interwoven with the ordinary parish life in a succession of brilliant scenes, each admirably wrought in itself, and "racy" in the strictest sense, and each making a definite contribution to the main action. The unity of the plot is perfect. The story is a veritable masterpiece. With the last chapter the quiet parish returns to its normal life: the stranger who had troubled its peace vanishes as strangely as he had come: and the bridegroom who had so nearly been robbed of his bride between banns and marriage is escorted home with her by his simple neighbours singing a Christmas carol. It is characteristic of the author's genial optimism that the course of true love in his story is not crossed in vain; the trouble is bitter and hard to bear, but it makes a man and a hero out of an ordinary country lover, and transforms a wavering coquette into a loyal and steadfast wife. We have dwelt upon the skeleton of the story because this largeness of design and depth of intention, indispensable qualities of all really great work in fiction as well as in poetry, form one of Q.'s distinctions among contemporary novelists. That the execution is brilliant our readers do not need to be told. In some of the scenes, notably the Choir Gallery, the Wreck, Farmer Tresidder's "courant," and the interior of the "Jolly Pilchards," Q. is at his very best. The hero belongs to the choir, so that we are naturally much in the company of the church musicians; and his sketches of these worthies, with the curious mixture of liturgical language in their diction, must be ranked among the happiest of his studies of Cornish oddities. Among these homely folk the fantastic conduct of the rescued stranger, a most capricious mixture of devilry and generosity, stands out in bold relief: his ways are not as the ways of ordinary mortals, and are manifestly not meant to be; he comes out of the sea and returns to it only half-explained, a man of mystery, an enigma, consistent only in his caprices.

#### FICTION.

1. *THE WRECKER*. By Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne. London: Cassell & Co.
2. *ADVENTURES OF A FAIR REBEL*. By Matt Crim. London: Chatto & Windus.
3. *A WOMAN OF SHAWMUT*. By Edmund James Carpenter. London: Osgood, McIlvaine & Co.

"THE WRECKER" leaves a reader with the impression that Mr. Stevenson has all the gifts. A sketch of the bare plot of his novel would be enough to show how well he can invent and construct; full of incident, full of surprises, it is a story that would have been interesting in the hands of a lesser novelist. The student-life of Paris, the wild race for dollars, the thousand speculations of the hero's friend Pinkerton, and finally the secret of the wreck, provide materials out of which even a man of average ability might have made something. It is difficult to show in a review how strong the fascination of this story becomes in the hands of Mr. Stevenson. Invention and construction alone are enough for your bundle of adventures, but Mr. Stevenson gives us actors as well as action, and his actors are human beings. It would be impossible to sum one of them up in the space that a review could spare them. Loudon Dodd, who tells the story, Jim Pinkerton, his friend, Nares and Carthew, are fresh people full

of individuality, happily added to our acquaintance by the grace of literature. We may not like Bellairs, but we would not have missed him; we would not have missed one person or one page that this story has given us. It would be idle to say more of Mr. Stevenson's style than that it is an exquisitely clear medium, through which the somewhat complex individuality of the writer shines brilliantly. The *naïveté* of a child, the high spirits of a school-boy, the tenderness of a woman, the mixture of geniality and cynicism and knowledge that mark the man of the world—all seem to enter into that individuality, and all are fascinating. It is difficult to know what to quote from this book. The prefatory chapter is full of the dialogue that men might really use when they were together, and it is just this dialogue which hardly any novelists seem to be able to write. It gives a hint of what the subject of the story will be. Loudon Dodd is asked if he had ever smuggled opium. He had, he owns, and there was money in it; he had also bought a wreck, and explains that it was a peculiar kind of wreck. He does not recommend that branch of industry.

"Ever try the blackmail?" inquired Havens.  
"Simple as you see me sitting here!" responded Dodd.  
"Good business?"  
"Well, I'm not a lucky man, you see," returned the stranger.  
"It ought to have been good."  
"You had a secret?" asked the Glasgow man.  
"As big as the State of Texas."  
"And the other man was rich?"  
"He wasn't exactly Jay Gould, but I guess he could buy these islands if he wanted."  
"Why, what was wrong, then? Couldn't you get hands on him?"  
"It took time, but I had him cornered at last; and then—"  
"What then?"  
"The speculation turned bottom up. I became the man's bosom friend."  
"The deuce you did!"

The novel which follows is Dodd's story as he subsequently wrote it out. The chapter headed "Roussillon Wine" cries aloud for quotation. Roussillon is a dangerous and deceptive wine, and it overcame Loudon Dodd. There is a chapter in one of George Meredith's novels which is equally brilliant in description of the same subject; you may be squeamish enough to object to the subject, but it would be idle to deny the humour in either chapter. Equally good is the description of "Pinkerton's Hebdomadary Picnics." But our space is limited, and we have two other books to notice briefly.

Most novels would lose by comparison with "The Wrecker," but "Adventures of a Fair Rebel" is really unusually thin, weak, and conventional. Its heroine is in love with the hero. She sees him on affectionate terms with another girl, and she finds out, after a considerable lapse of time, that the other girl is really the hero's sister, and that everything is for the best in the best of worlds. This is an incident which we have read too often. We sincerely hope that we shall never read it again. The rest of the story includes a little fighting and sick-nursing, a curious theatrical company, and a negro of the habitual faithfulness that always characterises the negroes of fiction. But the story has no reality or interest about it; it is not offensive or in bad taste, but it is dull, unconvincing, and inartistic.

"A Woman of Shawmut" is "A Romance of Colonial Times," and its interest for a reader must depend partly upon his interest in the subject. It is partly historical, and from a copious appendix we find that the author has had recourse to such portentous publications as "Records of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay in New England," or the "Second Report of Boston Record Commissioners." The story is concerned with a woman who was to have married the hero, but preferred to marry the hero's master. Regarded as fiction, it is cold and unattractive; but, as history, it may possibly have interest on the other side of the water. It is dedicated, somewhat effusively, to Mr. W. D. Howells, whom the author accuses of encouragement.

## FIRST IMPRESSIONS.\*

SIR THOMAS BROWNE'S "Religio Medici," though one of the most carefully edited, has not been one of the most popular of "The Golden Treasury Series." No doubt this is due, in part, to the mystical tinge which pervades the moralisings of a man who has been finely called the "laureate of the King of Terrors"; but this scholarly edition of an English classic certainly deserves to be more widely known. Dr. Greenhill writes with judgment and good taste concerning not only Sir Thomas Browne, but former editors of his most famous book. The portrait, which forms the vignette to this volume, is an exquisite engraving by the late C. H. Jeens from the well-known painting which adorns the walls of the Royal College of Physicians. This cheap re-issue of such a book ought to prove welcome to all who appreciate one of the most distinguished and characteristic prose-writers of the seventeenth century.

We have just received a copy of Mr. Frederick Wicks' clear and simple exposition of the way in which the laws of England are made and administered. This modest political manual on "The British Constitution and Government" has now reached a fifth edition, and it may be commended as a book which gives in small compass an intelligible account of Parliamentary procedure and a wide array of illustrative facts.

Tempted, probably, by the favourable reception which was given to her "Forty Thousand Miles over Land and Water," Mrs. Howard Vincent has just published a companion book of travel, in which she gives a lively account of her experiences during a journey which extended "From Newfoundland to Cochin China." Just now, when we have all been startled by the tidings of the terrible calamity which has befallen the chief city of the premier Colony of England, it is pitiful to read the following words:—"Thrice already destroyed by fire, St. John's, Newfoundland, now takes all human precautions." The population of Newfoundland amounts to about two hundred thousand, and of this number twenty-eight thousand live at St. John's. The interior of the island is sparsely occupied, for the majority of the people dwell in the little fishing villages which are jotted along the coast. At best it is but a dwindling population, and the fishermen—who form a great part of it—are, in the majority of instances, miserably poor. Newfoundland has its own grievance—the much-vexed Fishery Question. "The life of the codfish and the lobster is the life of the Newfoundlanders, and to lessen their catch of fish is to lower proportionately their already low standard of living." Mrs. Howard Vincent declares that the people feel deeply the apparent want of sympathy displayed in official circles in England in the invasion of the fishery grounds by the French; and she hints that it is difficult for anyone to understand the vital interests involved in this dispute to the islanders without a personal visit to the scene of their labours. Free education has done much for the island, and that which is perhaps most needed now is capital for the development of the mineral wealth of the soil. The journey across the American Continent has been often described, and there is nothing remarkable in these days in a visit to Winnipeg, Brandon, Calgary, or even the Canadian Rockies and the Selkirks. The Canadian Pacific Railway—with its three thousand lines of iron road—is rapidly opening up the country, and all that the Dominion really needs now is money and population. After a brief sojourn in British Columbia, Mrs. Howard Vincent sailed from Vancouver to Yokohama, and the best part of her book—in the two senses of the word—is devoted to recollections of travel in the Land of the Rising Sun. Tokio, with its quaint, brown-eaved houses, curious dragon-shaped trees, Imperial Palace and Buddhist shrines, picturesque streets, casts its old-world spell over the travellers, though even there, in these progressive days, the electric light, to say nothing of railways and telephones, has already established itself. The Japanese are prepared to take cues from all quarters, and if imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, there is scarcely a nation in Europe which cannot claim the compliment. Germany, for instance, suggested the Constitution, England the railway system, France the organisation of the army: the etiquette of the Court is based on that of St. James's, but so far as the preparation of dainty dishes is concerned the Japanese are

shrewd enough to see that they manage such things better in France. There is a pleasant description in these pages of Osaka, a city which is sometimes called, and not without reason, the Venice of Japan. Over the rest of the narrative we cannot linger, but the reader may gather a clear and attractive picture of cities like Peking and Saigon, with its boulevards and cafés, "where pale-faced Frenchmen sip absinthe," and try to imagine themselves in Paris. Happily, Mrs. Vincent passes lightly over, in every instance, the weeks which she spent at sea, and accordingly we find ourselves brought back from Shanghai to London in something like a couple of pages. Trade as well as travel is represented in the book, for Colonel Howard Vincent contributes an appendix which is crowned with facts and figures obtained on the spot concerning our mercantile interests in the East.

The relation of Christianity to the home, business, public affairs, amusement, literature, and art, may be said to form the burden of the admirable little book which bears the title "This Do." Amongst the scholarly young preachers of Nonconformity, Mr. Horton, of Hampstead, has won for himself, by moral courage, sympathy, and a certain largeness of spiritual vision, an honourable and assured place. He is certainly the best-known, and perhaps the most able, of Dr. Fairbairn's students, and in the grip and glow of his pulpit utterances it is not difficult to trace the influence of a magnetic personality which is rapidly making Mansfield College, Oxford, a true School of the Prophets. Mr. Horton is a preacher who is intensely alive to the temper of his times, and he has a practical and manly way of addressing himself—without any needless beating about the bush—to those great questions of conduct and conscience which are bound up with every man's position in this restless, questioning, modern world. There is a sweet reasonableness about these vigorous and persuasive addresses which is very attractive, and yet no one can read the book without feeling that the preacher speaks with the authority of a man who has not merely thought for himself, but fought his way to his own conclusions.

"From Punch to Padan Aram" is hardly a title which explains itself, yet Mr. Alfred Story makes it do duty for a group of essays—seventeen in number, with a poem thrown in by way of variety—which touch life in many points and in many moods. Outspoken and manly, there is a certain rough vigour of expression about them, a good deal of quiet and, in the main, genial observation, a dash of humour, and sometimes a lack of good taste. On the whole, in spite of the freshness of its style, the book is rather disappointing, and the author's reliance on cheap anecdote becomes in the end somewhat exasperating; and if some of his reflections are wise, there are not a few which impress us—otherwise. At the same time, it is possible to forgive a man with a big heart a good deal.

The man or maid who is perplexed about the practical working of the Marriage Laws may at the present moment—for the modest sum of one shilling apiece—obtain the aid of a clergyman and a brace of barristers. The clergyman in question, "late Surrogate in the Diocese of Canterbury," has written a book with a catchpenny title, "How to be Married in All Ways and Everywhere," and "two barristers" have made themselves responsible for a brief manual on "Lawful Wedlock." On the whole, we are inclined to think that the clergyman's book is the better of the two, though there is very little to choose between them. In each case a brief and clear summary of the law is given, and the marriage of British subjects abroad is also discussed in the light of legal requirements of other nations. The religious aspects of marriage are naturally thrown into relief in the first book, whilst the lawyers likewise magnify their own calling with chapters on breach of promise, and on the Married Woman's Property Act. Oddly enough, in both books there duly figures a table of fees. Even stern parents and lynx-eyed guardians might do worse—on prudential grounds, of course—than keep themselves well informed on a subject which through the caprice of others may at any moment be forced upon their attention. Yet the majority of those who are likely to consult these handy and reliable manuals are sure to be persons of a less prosaic mood, and they will find themselves confronted not by love but laws.

## NOTICE.

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# THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1892.

## PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

A POLITICAL crisis like the present is the golden opportunity of Messrs. Tadpole and Taper. It is but natural, therefore, that the air should resound with the rumours diligently spread by these gentlemen as to what will or will not happen. Very ridiculous some of these rumours are. It is just as well, therefore, to utter a word of caution. Nothing has been and nothing will be decided as to the course of the Liberal party until MR. GLADSTONE'S return to town. Nor will anything definite be settled then until after due consultation has taken place between himself and his principal colleagues. The first point to be settled is the form of the resolution upon which a division will be taken when the new House of Commons has been duly constituted. That resolution will simply raise the question of Confidence or No Confidence in the present Government. It will not involve any discussion of MR. GLADSTONE'S Home Rule plan or any further elucidation of the Liberal programme. The new majority has been elected upon the issue which is about to be put to the vote in Parliament, and the sole meaning of that vote is to bring the Government of the country into harmony with the expressed will of the nation.

SOME extraordinary stories have appeared in print this week. One might almost believe when reading them that the General Election had never taken place, that no speeches had been made on either side, and that it is by some process of magic that the Government have suddenly been placed in a minority. People who talk as though the leadership of the Liberal party (and presumably the premiership) were an open question, and who hint that MR. GLADSTONE having won his great victory may now allow himself to be extinguished by a coronet, forget, first of all, MR. GLADSTONE'S own character, and, secondly, the conditions under which the General Election has been won. So long as MR. GLADSTONE can work he will work, and the idea of seeking repose at the moment when he finds that the labours of six arduous years have at last met with their reward is one that has never even occurred to him. He is pledged to his followers and pledged to the Irish party to remain at the helm. Nor would the electors who have won this election under his banner permit any attempt to repeat the 1880 intrigues. That being the case, it is to be hoped that even the appearance of friction will be avoided in those preliminary steps which must be taken before the new Ministry is formed.

THE last hope of the Tories (the "Labour Party" in the new House being too insignificant in numbers to be taken into account) lies in the possible creation of differences between the Liberals and the Irish members. Already the Parnellite section of the Nationalist party is being openly patronised by those who have so loudly denounced MR. GLADSTONE'S alliance with the Irish members; whilst the Nationalists are being warned that they may find after all that they have been "sold" by their British allies. We need hardly say that there is not the smallest chance of these tactics succeeding. The victory won by MR. GLADSTONE and his party, and won in the face of tremendous odds, is a victory for Home Rule, and its chief result will be

the production of a Home Rule measure. But the Irish members, who are eminently practical when a question of Parliamentary tactics is under consideration, are fully alive to the fact that the first business of a successful general who has just captured the camp of the enemy by assault is to entrench himself on the ground he has won. Only by making the Liberal position secure in this fashion can MR. GLADSTONE hope to be able to carry out, in spite of the opposition of the House of Lords, his Home Rule scheme. That scheme will certainly see the light in the first real Session of the new House; but it will be accompanied by measures for removing those grievances connected with the registration laws and property qualifications which have done so much during the past three weeks to lessen the weight of the national deliverance in favour of a policy of conciliation towards Ireland. Probably also it will advance step by step with a Bill for establishing Parish Councils.

BOTH sections of the Irish party recognise the position in which MR. GLADSTONE has been placed and its accompanying necessities, and neither will do anything to imperil the success of the policy on which their hearts and the hearts of their fellow-countrymen are set. In these circumstances the Tory newspapers are merely wasting their time in trying to instil ideas of rebellion into the breasts of the Nationalists. So long as MR. GLADSTONE'S influence remains what it is, neither he nor Home Rule stands in the smallest danger of being "shelved." It is amusing to note, by the way, that the Tory newspapers are finding consolation in their distresses in the belief that MR. GLADSTONE is "much depressed" by the result of the elections, and that already intrigues against him are being hatched in London. We have never made these pages a medium for personal gossip, but we may so far depart from our usual rule as to say that all who have been in contact with MR. GLADSTONE since he left Midlothian bear testimony to the buoyancy of his spirits, and to the courage and confidence with which he is facing the future. As to the intrigues which are supposed to be on foot against him, we believe that they are just as imaginary as the reports about his "depression," and they are certainly as futile.

EXCEPT Orkney and Shetland, all the constituencies have now polled, and why these remote islands should lag a week behind the rest of the kingdom is no more intelligible than why the General Election should occupy nearly three weeks. In the course of that very gradual evolution which is called progress, we may hope soon to reach such a pitch of enlightenment as to have all the polls on one day. As it is not within the power of Orkney and Shetland to reverse the verdict of the electorate, we may assume that the Liberals have a majority of 42 in the new Parliament, or to speak by the card, 43, seeing that the vote of MR. PEEL, who was elected as a Unionist, must be lost to his party when he takes the Chair. With this majority MR. GLADSTONE will have no difficulty in ejecting his opponents from office, and in carrying on the Government for two or three years. In an exceedingly silly article on Tuesday the *Standard* adjured the nine Parnellites who form the remnant of MR. PARNELL'S personal following to transfer their votes to MR. BALFOUR, and contended that LORD SALISBURY has the right to

stick to office in the teeth of the vote of No-Confidence. According to the *Standard* it is open to a Minister in a minority to hold on if he thinks the majority small enough to be ignored!

THIS, however, is not a whit more foolish than the assertion of the *Times* that MR. GLADSTONE'S majority has no moral weight because he has to brigade the Welsh and Irish "Separatists" to overpower the Unionist majority in England and the "best elements" in Scotland and Ireland. Why has Wales no "best elements"? There are only two Tories in the whole representation of the Principality, but it is hard that they should have no share of the intellect and morality which is monopolised by the Unionists. It is necessary to teach the Ministerial henchmen the simplest lessons both of arithmetic and the Constitution. The Liberal majority in Scotland is thirty, in Wales twenty-six, in Ireland fifty-seven—total, one hundred and thirteen. The Unionist majority in England is seventy-one. To find the balance we deduct the second total from the first, and not the first from the second. When it is possible to drive this elementary fact into the head of the intellectual Unionist, it may also be possible to make him understand that the Constitution recognises no distinction, numerical or moral, between a majority in the House of Commons composed of Irish votes and a majority composed of any other votes.

THE Midlothian Unionists are preparing for another contest when MR. GLADSTONE submits himself for re-election on taking office. The custom of forcing a Minister to seek the suffrages of his constituents immediately after a General Election and the formation of a new Government is a perfectly senseless anomaly. There may be some point in such a contest when a Government is several years old and the re-election of a Minister offers a reasonable opportunity to the Opposition to take a test of public opinion. But in the existing circumstances another fight in Midlothian is foolish even from the Tory partisan's point of view. There can be little doubt that MR. GLADSTONE'S majority will be increased, a contingency which has prompted the Liberal Unionist leaders to deprecate the martial ardour of COLONEL WAUCHOPE. To put MR. GLADSTONE to the fatigue of another election would be indecent, but it is not the indecency that has led the Unionist wire-pullers in London to make a private protest against the enterprise.

THE result of a protracted consultation at Windsor is that LORD SALISBURY has decided to meet the new Parliament as if nothing had happened. Whether the empty formality of a Queen's Speech will be observed is uncertain; but we cheerfully note the unusual sagacity with which the *Times* advises the Government not to put themselves to this needless trouble. There is an eccentric belief in the Unionist mind that MR. GLADSTONE cannot move a vote of No-Confidence without making admissions which will at once disorganise his majority. Visions of repentant Irishmen and enthusiastic Labour members going down on their knees to MR. BALFOUR and begging him to remain in office seem to haunt the dreams of politicians who cannot apprehend the plainest facts. The situation may be summed up in a sentence. LORD SALISBURY appealed to the country, and the country has returned a majority which will expel LORD SALISBURY from Downing Street at the first opportunity. That is all, and we advise Unionist leader-writers to write out that simple sentence a few hundred times till they get some glimmering of its meaning.

"A LOYAL BUT DISGUSTED CONSERVATIVE" gives a wholesome lesson to Tory candidates of MR.

WALTER LONG'S type. This gentleman thought he would keep his seat by talking Protection, while the cottages of the labourers in his constituency remained a disgrace to civilisation. What the *Times* calls "the ignorance and gullibility" of the rural electors who have voted Liberal simply means the rational determination to have done with a landlord party who prate about going back to a commercial system which is as dead as the dodo, and never take the trouble to provide the agricultural toiler with a decent habitation. This is the sort of neglect which will be made impossible by a thorough reform of county administration on the lines which MR. GLADSTONE has laid down.

BUSINESS upon the Stock Exchange and Bourses of the world is as slack as ever. On Wednesday and Thursday, it is true, there was some recovery in prices, but that was due not to any increase in business but to the action of speculators. They had been selling on a considerable scale for some weeks previously, and in the middle of this week they thought it time to buy back. In the United States there is as little doing as here at home, operators being unwilling to incur additional risks, owing to the uncertainty respecting silver and the Presidential contest. On the Continent, as explained elsewhere, fears are growing that Spain may follow the example of Portugal; Italian difficulties are not less than they were, and the condition of Russia is very serious. The banking crisis in Australia is not yet at an end, and the depression in all kinds of business in the far East is greater than it has been since 1866. Meantime, it is satisfactory to find that the home trade is well maintained. The railway dividends so far as they are yet declared are satisfactory. In the present temper of the Stock Exchange the bad dividends declared by the Great Eastern and the South Eastern made much more impression than the more numerous good dividend announcements. But apart from mere Stock Exchange views, it is decidedly encouraging for the future that, in so bad a half-year as that just passed through, four out of eight railway companies have been able to increase their dividends and two have been able to maintain the same rates as last year.

THE Money Market has fallen back into the state of lethargy in which it has been for so long, and it is likely to continue so for some months yet. The Parliaments of Austria and Hungary have passed the Bills for the resumption of specie payments, and in the autumn, no doubt, an attempt will be made to raise a large gold loan. Russia, likewise, is negotiating in Paris and Berlin for a loan, and both Spain and Italy are in urgent need of money. But whether any of these can succeed in raising what they want remains to be seen. For the present, at all events, no foreign loan has a chance of success, and therefore the market will not be affected by any Government action. The price of silver fell on Wednesday to 39½d. per oz., and there is a very uneasy feeling respecting its further course. Especially in the United States apprehension is growing. Some of the banks in New York at the end of last week refused to give gold to their customers when the intention was to export it, while they professed readiness to give all that was required for home purposes. Fortunately the Treasury allayed alarm by declaring its readiness to redeem all other currency in gold. The action of the banks, however, proves that many bankers have been thoroughly frightened by the large gold exports, and warns all interested that at any moment there may be a crisis in New York. In the meantime the state of feeling in America weakens the Silver Market, as it leads people to expect that the purchases of this metal by the United States Treasury will before long be stopped.



## THE SITUATION.

THE announcement that Ministers, though beaten in the General Election, and consequently repudiated by the country, have resolved to meet Parliament and await an adverse vote, will hardly surprise anybody. No doubt the public convenience would have been better served if they had followed recent precedents and accepted the verdict of the nation; but, on the other hand, they can point to constitutional practice in support of the course they have resolved to take, and no Liberal, at all events, will quarrel with them for doing so. It is distinctly better in the existing situation that the Government which has been tried and found guilty at the bar of public opinion should receive its formal sentence in the House of Commons in which it has so long usurped an authority that did not rightly belong to it. It is amusing, however, to observe that its supporters in the press are once more giving evidence of their curious incapacity for judging established facts, by their indulgence in foolish hopes as to the result of the first debate in the new Parliament. Everybody who understands constitutional history and the political usages of this country must know that the first question which the House of Commons will determine, after it has been formally constituted and a Speaker has been elected, will be the fate of the existing Government. Does it or does it not possess the confidence of the majority of the members? That is the question, and the only question, which will be submitted to Parliament before the decisive vote is taken. The notion that Mr. Gladstone will be required to produce his Home Rule Bill, or even to discuss the Home Rule question before the House is called upon to vote, is one of such wild absurdity that it is difficult to understand how it can have found lodgement even in the brains of a Tory journalist. It is sufficient for a member of the Opposition to challenge the right of Ministers to retain office; nor will it be necessary to waste much time in the consideration of this question. No doubt the beaten Government will have a good deal to say for itself, and we can well afford to allow its members the fullest opportunity of urging what they can in their defence. They stand at the bar, found guilty by the nation; but before sentence is passed upon them it may be well to hear what they have to plead on their own behalf. But when they have been duly heard the vote will be taken, and we know that, as a result, they will be expelled from the positions they now hold.

If Lord Salisbury and his friends prefer this process of expulsion to the pleasanter course of resignation, they must be left to the full gratification of their tastes. The one thing that is certain is that when the vote has been duly taken and a majority against Ministers recorded on the books of the House, their further continuance in office will be impossible. It has, indeed, been suggested by one of their supporters in the press that they may disregard that vote, and continue to hold office until they can find another pretext for appealing to the country. The suggestion is worthy of the advocate of a party which during the past six years has again and again violated the constitution and disregarded precedents. But in itself it is ridiculously futile. If Ministers, after being condemned by the House of Commons newly returned from the country, were to make any attempt to prolong their tenure of power, they would be guilty of a revolutionary act, which would deserve and demand immediate and severe punishment. Lord Salisbury, of course, has not the slightest intention of listening to the silly counsels of his fanatical advisers. He will accept the vote of the House of

Commons which ratifies the vote of the nation, and make way for those whom the popular voice has designated as his successors. Nor need there be any apprehension as to the subsequent course of events. A good deal of capital has been made out of the visits of the Prime Minister, the Duke of Devonshire, and Mr. Chamberlain to the Queen, and it has been hinted that Her Majesty is engaged in the preparation of a scheme by which the wishes of the nation just made known through the ballot-box may be frustrated. No rumour more dishonouring to the English Sovereign than this could well have received publicity, and little credit can be given to the loyalty of those who are responsible for its circulation. Happily, there is not the smallest reason to suppose that one who has faithfully discharged her duty as a constitutional Sovereign during a reign of more than fifty years is likely to prove false to the high example she herself has set in this crisis. The nation may feel every confidence in the Queen, and may rest satisfied that the monarch will not for a moment stand between it and the gratification of its just desires.

Mr. Gladstone will, of course, be the first statesman to whom the Queen will turn for advice after the resignation of Lord Salisbury, and it is happily certain that he is prepared to accept the duty which has been imposed upon him by the vote of the country. The amateur Cabinet-maker has been very busy during these last days, and all manner of speculations, ridiculous and otherwise, have been current as to the *personnel* of the new Government. It is enough to say for the present that no speculation which has yet been made public is founded upon fact. It will be time enough when the Liberal leader has been commissioned by the Sovereign to form a Ministry to indulge in conjectures as to those whom he will summon around him. We are not blind to the fact that he will have many difficulties to encounter in the performance of his task. No Ministry was ever yet formed without difficulty, but we do not anticipate that there will be anything serious in the obstacles which Mr. Gladstone must overcome before he can find himself at the head of an actual Government. It will certainly not be from the lack of good material out of which to form a Ministry that he will find himself in any dilemma. As to the policy of the Liberal Government, it is hardly necessary to say anything here. The Tories and their Liberal allies may hug what delusions they please. The broad fact remains that the verdict which has just been pronounced by the electors is a verdict in favour of Home Rule, and of justice to Ireland, and though the Liberal policy is by no means limited to a single question, that question will certainly not be put in the back-ground by the new Ministry. But for the present we may safely abstain from the discussion of this point. The beaten Ministers have secured a few days of grace in which to prepare for their expulsion from office. The business of their opponents is to secure the attendance of the majority in its full strength in the House of Commons on the day on which sentence goes forth against the representatives of the exploded policy of coercion.

## "THEY ALL WITH ONE CONSENT—"

THE letters published in the *Times* during the last fortnight or three weeks have afforded materials, rich almost beyond precedent or example, for an exhaustive study of abject silliness. The dregs of the human intellect have been put, as it were, under a microscope, with the judicious assistance

of an "able" and sympathetic editor. The common purpose of the strange and motley company who with one consent have selected Printing House Square as the receptacle for their rubbish—and that is the one gleam of sense they display—is to explain away the General Election. They belong to that interesting class described by naturalists as old women of the male persuasion. We are all acquainted with the gentleman who signs himself "Senex," not having enough Latin to know that he ought to write "Anus." But perhaps we had hardly realised before this month of July and this year 1892 how numerous and how loquacious were the rickety family to which he or she belongs. The purpose for which this flood of dismal fatuity has been poured upon the heads of the public is to show that the Liberal party won the General Election because it was wet, because it was fine, because a few polls were held on a Saturday, because a great many were not, because the Liberal candidate was too long in the field, because the Tory candidate had not a little more time, because both sides issued leaflets, because priests ought not to be seen in Ireland on a polling day, because the sermons of the English clergy were not obeyed by the electors, because the agricultural labourers are too ignorant to understand the blessings of Protection, because the supply of beer sometimes fell short of the demand, because all the statements of Tory candidates were true, and all the statements of Liberal candidates were false. This is not put forward as an exhaustive enumeration, for it does not include Mr. Balfour's theory that Liberalism springs from the same source as cholera. But it is a fair summary of the views which commend themselves to the "arm-chair politician," and which entitle him to look down upon the working man as belonging to an inferior order of creation. If only one of these pompous boobies could be subjected to half an hour's Scottish heckling, he would be a sadder and a wiser man for the rest of his now useless and contemptible life. There is, for instance, the delightful "Presiding Officer," who denounces the illiterate voter in grammar for which, if he had ever gone to school, he would have been soundly flogged. "One Who Knows" begs to say that Mr. Gladstone is eighty-four, and that, therefore, some conclusion follows which bears the same relation to the minor premiss as the minor premiss bears to the truth. "One Who Was There" writes from nowhere to say that never was there anywhere such an exhibition of prejudice. Another wiseacre, with a fine air of indignant scorn, complains that Mr. Sydney Buxton's majority in Poplar would have been far smaller if he had not been personally acceptable to his constituents, and would have been entirely obliterated if most of them had not shared his views. Another Solomon protests that if Lord Salisbury had only waited until Conservatism had gained a universal hold upon the people of the three kingdoms Mr. Gladstone would have been left without a single supporter. A member of the gentlemanlike party writes to gloat over the pleasing prospect that the Irish members will be too poor to live in London. It is difficult to avoid the suspicion that this type of "gentleman" ekes out a precarious livelihood by dishonest means.

The Tories, of course, conducted the election on principles very different from those of the wicked Liberals. They told what Mr. Chadband calls the "terewth." In the Aylesbury division they felt it their duty to mention that if Mr. Dolbey were returned all Protestants would be burned on the village green. In the Walton division their honest patriotism did not allow them to conceal the fact that all Sir Thomas Grove's canvassers were pickpockets in disguise. Contrast these fair and honourable methods of controversy with the base and scurrilous attempts

of designing Radicals to prove that Home Rule would be beneficial to Ireland and to Great Britain, or that the policy of commercial retaliation proposed by Lord Salisbury would lead to the revival of Protection and the recurrence of widespread distress. The Tories had every local and physical opportunity of arguing against both these propositions. If their minds were not equal to the strain, or if their audiences were too sensible to believe them, so much the better for the country, if so much the worse for themselves. But when did the exposure of a mischievous fallacy such as the Prime Minister preached at Hastings become an unlawful form of political controversy? These so-called Unionists claim the right of condemning all Liberals as traitors and liars, as scoundrels who condone outrage, and even murder, that they may compass the ruin of their country. But when their opponents remind them that if they follow Lord Salisbury they are Protectionists in disguise, they cry for mercy, and complain that really this isn't fair. One discarded coercionist threatens actions for libel against all and sundry, because it was said that he had voted for shooting and imprisoning innocent Irishmen. The particular individual may have separated from his party on both points. But undoubtedly the bulk of the Tories and Dissident Liberals supported in the lobby the massacre of Mitchelstown and the sentences passed on Irish Members for doing what they had a perfect right to do. Mr. Goschen, of all men, professes to be shocked at the gross slander conveyed in the big and little loaf. Mr. Goschen scarcely ever opens his lips without calling Home Rulers Separatists, although he knows that they are nothing of the kind. Mr. Goschen is a master of economic science, and would have resigned the morning after Lord Salisbury's speech at Hastings if he were the high-minded statesman he pretends to be. Considering the social and material pressure, the personal and pecuniary inducements, employed on the Ministerial side, Mr. Gladstone's triumph is perhaps the most brilliant which even he has won. It is not surprising that the parson and the publican, the squire and the sweeter, should be a little annoyed. But of all undignified forms in which defeat can avenge itself, a roaring cataract of nonsense is surely the least impressive.

#### OUR FIASCO IN MOROCCO.

THERE is probably considerable exaggeration in the account of the incidents connected with Sir Euan Smith's mission to Fez which appeared in some newspapers yesterday. It is hardly conceivable, indeed, that an English diplomatist, when dealing with a man of Muley Hassan's character and position, should have resorted to the crude and theatrical expedients reported by an enthusiastic newspaper correspondent. But the fact is unquestionable that the special mission has failed; and that for the present there is an end to our hopes of an agreement with the Emperor of Morocco. It is understood that Sir Charles's sole object was to conclude a new commercial treaty with the Sultan, whereby the trade between Morocco and all European States would be freed from the numerous hindrances and vexatious burdens which at present keep it down to a mere fraction of what it might become under any rational system of native administration. No special privileges, we are assured, were claimed for Great Britain; and so distinctly was this important fact recognised that our envoy had, throughout the negotiations, the active support of the German Minister, and the real though less pronounced sympathy of his Italian and Spanish colleagues. All



was going on well; certain troubles arising out of an outbreak of Mahommedan fanaticism at Fez against our countrymen had been amicably settled; the Sultan had been coaxed out of the attitude of suspicion and reserve which he had displayed on Sir Charles Euan-Smith's first arrival; nay, the very terms of the proposed treaty had been discussed and adjusted, and the document itself only awaited the Sultan's signature, when all at once, at the eleventh hour, he refused to have anything to do with it, submitted an alternative treaty, and tried to procure Sir Charles's acceptance of it by a good round bribe. Of course, after this there was an end of negotiation, and our Minister had nothing left to do but to make the best of his way back to Tangier.

The explanation of Muley Hassan's sudden change of front which finds general acceptance in this country, and appears also to be widely received abroad, is that it was due to French influence; and it is possible that the common impression is in accordance with the actual facts. It can only be said that if the diplomatic resources of our neighbours across the Channel have really been exercised for the bafflement of the designs of the British Government in Morocco, there is no reason for surprise, nor indeed any legitimate ground for complaint. Not that the scope and object of the proposed commercial treaty were at all blameworthy, or otherwise than commendable. Morocco is naturally one of the richest and most fertile countries in Africa. It is also one of the most atrociously misgoverned countries in the world. Situated within a few hours' sail of Europe, and in such a geographical position that the development of its immense resources and the opening of its wide area to civilising influences ought to be more feasible than in any other portion of the Dark Continent, it has remained for more than five hundred years in a condition of backwardness and decadence only to be paralleled in Tripoli, in Yemen, and in those districts of Asia Minor where the blighting influence of Mahommedan ascendancy has remained unchecked throughout the modern era. The chief reason for this unsatisfactory state of matters is precisely that mutual jealousy among the European Powers which, at the other end of the Mediterranean, has so unnaturally prolonged the existence of the Ottoman dominion. There are only two practicable remedies for the evil. Either the abominable government of the Moorish Sultans must be reformed by force, or free admission and fair play must be secured in the country for European commercial activity and industrial energy. The first of these methods would be a large order for any single Power to undertake, because it would have to reckon not only with the resistance of the Moors themselves—which would not count for very much—but also with the opposition and rivalry of all the other European States interested in Morocco. The second plan is for many reasons preferable, but it has never yet been seriously attempted, because of a general belief among the Governments that it would equally be made the occasion for the manifestation of this same opposition and rivalry, which might lead to unpleasant political consequences. That was the view taken by Sir John Drummond Hay, for many years our representative at Tangier. He preferred the *status quo*, with all its attendant evils, to the exercise of his great influence for the purpose of procuring special privileges for his own countrymen, because he foresaw that like privileges would at once be sought for people of other nationalities, and then there would be a reproduction of the Turkish problem in Morocco.

The origin of Sir Charles Euan-Smith's mission is

probably to be found in the fact that, having succeeded in the management of a native potentate at Zanzibar, he was sanguine of his ability to do as well at Fez, and therefore persuaded Lord Salisbury to let him depart from Sir J. D. Hay's policy of masterly inactivity. He doubtless thought that his abstention from any demands for special privileges for British trade would disarm the jealousy of the other Powers. But he forgot, or neglected to take into account, the feeling of deep-seated resentment with which the French regard our present position in Egypt, and their perfectly natural determination to do all they can in order to prevent a repetition of their Egyptian experience with us on any other point of the North African coast. They know that where the British trader once gets a footing he has an awkward habit of obtaining an ascendancy over all his rivals, and that this ascendancy somehow or other generally becomes converted into supreme political influence. There is no intention at Paris of permitting Algeria to be cabined, cribbed, and confined on its western frontier (which just at present is very conveniently indefinite) by a British Protectorate; and it need not be doubted that in those visions of a vast Colonial Empire, in which French politicians are fond of indulging, the appropriation at some favourable juncture of the whole or the greater part of Morocco always figures. Of course the Republic has not any better title than this country to aggrandisement in that region, but then her pretensions and ambitions are just as legitimate as ours. The conclusion of a treaty throwing the country open to common European commerce and "exploitation" would be unfavourable to French designs, and therefore it is not wonderful if the representative of the Republic in Morocco has done his utmost to oppose it. Such a policy may be reprehensibly selfish; but it is the habit of nations, as of individuals, to pay primary regard to their own interests. The French diplomatists would be at no loss for arguments with which to excite Sultan Muley Hassan to thorough distrust of the British proposals. He is always suspicious of European interference with his authority, and a brief recapitulation of the recent history of Egypt and Zanzibar would be enough to arouse in him an almost panic dread of the ultimate intention of the treaty submitted by Sir Charles Euan-Smith, however innocent its provisions might appear to be. Whether the frustration of the negotiations will, in the long run, be for the advantage of France may well be doubted; but her statesmen have succeeded in postponing the time when European enterprise and capital can gain entrance into Morocco, and they have contrived simultaneously to inflict some damage on what Lord Salisbury would call our prestige in that country. If the incident has no more serious consequences, it need not give rise to any great amount of regret.

#### SPANISH EMBARRASMENTS.

DURING the past week there has been a sharp fall in Spanish securities, and rumours are circulating that before very long Spain will have to follow the example of Portugal and Argentina, and ask for a compromise with its creditors. Unfortunately, Spain has too often been guilty of a breach of faith with those who trusted her. In 1824 she made default, and for fully ten years she failed to keep her engagements; then for a couple of years she paid a portion of the interest on the debt, and again she fell into default. In 1851 she patched up an arrangement, which, however, was not faithfully

observed, and again and again she has had to arrange with her creditors. The last composition was in 1882. Both the capital and the interest were cut down, and the whole of the old debt was consolidated into a new debt bearing 4 per cent. interest. Since then the interest has been punctually paid, but only by means of constant borrowing. Every year has ended in a large deficit, and the deficit has been covered by means of constant borrowing—either abroad or from the Bank of Spain. Just before the Baring crisis it was understood that negotiations had been opened with the great banking houses of Paris and London for the purpose of funding the floating debt that had then accumulated. Unfortunately for Spain the negotiations were not properly pushed forward, and since the Baring crisis it has been impossible to arrange for a great foreign loan. In consequence, the kingdom has had again to fall back upon the Bank of Spain for assistance, compelling the Bank to increase unduly its note circulation. Last year it renewed the Bank's charter, authorising it to increase very largely its note issue, on condition that it held one-third of the circulation in gold and silver. The Bank has taken advantage of this to emit new notes, but they have gone to the relief of the Treasury, the general public getting no advantage. As a natural consequence the notes have fallen to a discount, the premium on gold being at present about 15½ per cent. Thus the present position is that the credit of the Government is destroyed abroad, that it is paying its way only by borrowing constantly from the Bank of Spain, that thereby it has seriously injured the credit of the Bank, that people are asking whether the Bank will be able to hold its position, that the Bank in financing the Government has been forced to refuse accommodation to the trading classes, and that the whole business community is therefore suffering. Looking at the past history of Spain, and bearing in mind the extreme difficulties of the Treasury, it is not surprising that the impression is growing that Spain will once more default.

At the end of 1886 the accommodation given to the trading classes by the Bank of Spain—represented in its returns by the loans and discounts—amounted to £24,824,000. On the 9th of the present month the loans and discounts were no more than £13,690,000. In the five and a half years, therefore, the accommodation given by the Bank of Spain to the business community of the kingdom had decreased by £11,134,000, or very nearly 45 per cent. When it is borne in mind that banking is not much developed in Spain, that the Bank of Spain is the great banking institution of the country, it will be understood what a very serious matter this is for the commercial community. Either merchants and manufacturers are obliged to do without the accommodation they require—and therefore to restrict their business very seriously, and so diminish the employment given to the working classes—or else they have to pay unduly high rates to small institutions, and so again the trade of the country suffers. But while the industrial and trading community is thus deprived of the accommodation it has a right to expect—and for the granting of which, indeed, the Bank was established—the loans to the Government have grown enormously, and are still steadily growing. At the end of 1886 the Bank of Spain held in Government securities of all kinds 19½ millions sterling. On the 9th of this month the holdings had risen to £32,120,000—an increase of £12,620,000 in the five and a half years, or not far short of 65 per cent. Thus, while the accommodation given by the Bank to its trading customers has been reduced in five and a half years not far short of one-half, the accommodation given by the Bank to the Government has increased very nearly two-

thirds. It may be said that the whole of the Government securities held by the Bank do not represent assistance given to the Government. Even if that be so, however, it does not alter the situation very much, for indirectly the assistance is rendered. If the Bank, that is to say, has not lent the money to the Government, it has lent to other institutions and speculators who have bought the securities from the Government; and so the Bank is being used, directly and indirectly, in bolstering up the credit of the Government and maintaining a system of extravagance, waste, and corruption. Once more, the note circulation of the Bank of Spain at the end of 1886 amounted to £21,063,000. On the 9th of this month it had risen to £34,200,000, being an increase in the five and a half years of £13,137,000, or over 62 per cent. Here again we see that the policy of the Government in compelling the Bank to lend extravagantly to it is producing the worst possible consequences. The over-issue of notes is seriously injuring the Bank. And, further, as it is required by law to keep one-third of its note circulation in gold and silver, and as the Government is compelling it to keep increasing the note circulation by loans to itself, the Bank has no option but to call in more and more of the loans made to trading customers for the purpose of buying gold and silver abroad to save itself from bankruptcy. For instance, at the end of last year the loans to the general public exceeded 11 millions sterling: at the present time they are considerably under 8 millions sterling; and although discounts have not fallen off so much, yet they have declined.

No doubt the position of the Government is very difficult. It does not rest upon the will of the people. The dynasty was restored by the army, and on the army it has still to depend. The army is too large and expensive for the means of the country, and yet no Minister dare propose a reduction. The Civil Service is entirely over-manned; but to reform it would offend powerful interests, and each successive Administration has shrunk from doing so. Lastly, extravagant public works are carried on for the purpose of keeping this locality and that in good-humour, and so maintaining Ministers in office. On the other hand, the fiscal system is as bad as any in Europe outside of Turkey. There is no doubt that Spain has made very considerable material progress during the past quarter of a century. But the people are unwilling to pay heavy taxes, and the financial administration is so bad that even the existing taxes are always greatly in arrear. There is not a proper system of assessment, and the tax system is antiquated. A strong and capable Government would set about recasting the taxation, and insist upon arrears being paid up; and, above all, would introduce economies in every direction. But no Government seems strong enough or capable enough to understand the need for this, and set about it in earnest. The present Government has no remedy to propose but further borrowing. For a long time past the Cortes has been engaged in discussing a Bill, the object of which is to give protection to the iron and steel industry and to the manufacturers of railway material. The Bill proposes to levy heavy duties upon all railway material imported, and offers as compensation to the railway companies to allow them to increase very heavily their fares and freights. A very strong opposition has been offered, and practically there has been a deadlock for weeks. In consequence, all really useful legislation has had to be put aside, even the Loan Bill, and Congress has been prorogued without doing anything. The financial position consequently is becoming really dangerous. It is possible that the Government may be able to continue the present system for a little while, but sooner or later there must be a breakdown unless the whole system is changed. If a



large loan could be raised abroad, sufficient to fund a large part of the floating debt, and so to relieve the Bank of Spain, the crisis might be postponed for a couple of years. But as matters stand now, a large foreign loan does not seem very probable; and without assistance from abroad, or a change of policy at home, bankruptcy seems inevitable.

#### CHRONICLE OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

GREAT disasters with a sprinkling of small merry-makings almost exhaust the events abroad during the week. Of the former there has been an almost unparalleled series. Cholera steadily marching northward and westward through darkest Russia; volcanic upheavals in Italy and in the far Malay Archipelago; the gruesome work of clearance and burial (punctuated with cries of "I told you so") in the shadow of the Alps; the new and desperate development of the labour struggle in the American mining districts: these make up a very black calendar for the beginning of the midsummer holiday.

It cannot be said—even leaving Captain Lugard, and also the Royal Niger Company, out of account for the present—that Lord Salisbury will leave the Foreign Office with as clean a record as that which he took up six years ago. Sir C. Euan-Smith left Fez last week after over two months' stay, his attempts at negotiation with the Sultan having ended in a complete *fiasco*. If it be true that the treaty he was empowered to sign would have put all the European States on the same favourable footing, we have gained nothing by our good intentions, while the affair has been made a laughing-stock in the French press. France, it must be admitted, has not dealt well with us in the matter. We speak more fully of the rebuff in another column. The barbarous conduct of the Moorish troops in the neighbourhood of Tangier has evoked joint protests by the foreign representatives which have already had a good effect.

It looks, too, as though a Tory Government was again going to bequeath an Afghan difficulty to its Liberal successors. The Hazara revolt is a bad business, and to make matters worse the Ameer has assumed an air of impudent independence of the Indian Government. From St. Petersburg it is meanwhile reported that a Russian captain, with a detachment of Cossacks, recently crossed the frontier and took possession of an Afghan town. The Czar is said to have at once ordered the punishment of the officer; but, it is hastily added, he is to be rewarded for his personal bravery in the affair!

In another Imperial question there are more satisfactory developments. Baron Alphonse de Courcel has been elected as the French member of the Board of Arbitration in the Behring Sea dispute. The Board will meet at Paris in the autumn—in fact, as soon as the Italian and Scandinavian Governments have nominated their delegates.

The rebuilding of St. John's, Newfoundland, has given rise to a unique agrarian difficulty, and to a vigorous agitation against the landowners.

The Bill restricting the franchise and introducing the ballot was read a second time in the Cape Colony House of Assembly on Monday. The ballot provision will not come into force till July, 1894; while the restrictions will not apply to those who at present have a vote.

On the Continent, the only topic of first-class importance is the advance of the cholera, which is still not rapid. In Turkestan, Persia, and Transcaucasia the mortality has been terrible, and accounts of horrible riots, in which the ignorant natives have murdered the doctors and destroyed the hospitals, have come to hand daily. There has been a wholesale exodus from Odessa; and Moscow, suddenly aware of its own filthiness, is panic-stricken. Advancing along the Voronezh-Rostof line, the famine

districts have fallen an easy prey. Some cases have already occurred on the Polish-Austrian frontier, and the Turkish Government has stopped the Varna-Rustchuk postal service in alarm. The Russian Government is, as usual, helpless, and M. Dournovo can only threaten to forcibly suppress any disturbances and suspend any newspapers which dare to tell the truth. The choleraic epidemic in the neighbourhood of Paris has happily died down. There were last Saturday ten deaths in the suburbs, and there were about the same number on Sunday and Monday. There have been since only a few isolated cases. Spain, however, has taken alarm, or, perhaps, is taking her revenge for the French regulations in 1890. It is announced, however, that travellers are not yet subjected to inconvenience or delay.

The trial of M. Wilson, the son-in-law of M. Grévy, and M. Leroux, the chairman of his committee, for corrupt practices in the Municipal election at Loches, has resulted in a fine of a thousand francs being imposed upon each of the defendants. On Tuesday the trial of the Liège dynamitards was opened.

There are between forty and fifty thousand Savoyards in Paris, and a number of these wishing to be before the people of Chambéry in celebrating the centenary of the reunion of Savoy to France, organised a banquet which took place under the central dome in the Champ de Mars on Sunday. M. Floquet presided, and among the speakers were: M. Bourgeois, Minister of Education; and M. Burdeau, the new Minister of Marine.

The Swiss papers are still full of reports of inquiries into the two recent disasters, and it is disquieting to note the evidence that each of them had been plainly foreseen. M. Desperon, Deputy Inspector of Forests, is said to have prophesied last year the sweeping away sooner or later of the bathing establishment at St. Gervais; while the crack in the boiler of the steamer *Mont Blanc* was seen some time ago. The total number of deaths at St. Gervais is now set down at from 125 to 130, 35 or 40 of this number being guests at the hotel. The work of clearing the wreckage away and the recovery of bodies has been much interfered with by the heavy rains.

The Revision debate was resumed in the Belgian Chamber on Tuesday. The Government still refuses to commit itself to a scheme, and is now awaiting the advice of a committee upon procedure. M. Jansen, the Radical leader, has pronounced strongly for Universal Suffrage, and a propaganda in this direction has already been started. It is suggested that there should be an International Exhibition in Brussels in 1895.

The financial and monetary situation in Italy is very grave, and optimistic estimates for the coming year do not reassure anyone. Ministers pursue their way untroubled by the comments upon the measures they have been taking to ensure a victory at the coming elections. The Premier, M. Giolitti, and the Minister of Public Works made many laudable professions at a meeting of the General Association of Working Men at Turin on Monday. On Tuesday a monument of the well-known patriot, Montanelli, who died at Pisa thirty years ago, was unveiled at Fucecchio by the Minister of Education. But public attention in Italy has been centred on the volcanic activity in the districts of Etna and Vesuvius. Last Saturday it was reported from Catania that the column of smoke was denser, and that the lava stream was moving more rapidly towards Nicolosi. That night, however, the activity diminished, and on Monday it was again less marked. On Tuesday there were some slight earthquake shocks in the neighbourhood. On Thursday the volcanic eruption became violent again. Coincidentally with this outburst brief reports have been received of a fearful eruption—which reminds us of the Krakatoa upheaval—in Sangir Island, which lies between Celebes and Mindanao, near the Philippines. Twelve thousand lives are spoken of as lost; but this requires confirmation.

The Pope's encyclical—glorifying the great achievement of Columbus, claiming him as "one of ourselves . . . primarily inspired by the Catholic faith that was in him," and ordering solemn celebrations on October 12th—was addressed specially to the Italian, Spanish, and American bishops, and was published in Latin, Spanish, and Italian.

After an animated attack upon the Spanish Government in the Cortes on Tuesday, a vote of confidence was carried by a large majority. Then Parliament adjourned and Ministers congratulated themselves on having at least three or four months' breathing-space before them. But, as we point out elsewhere, there is no evading the financial and economic difficulties of the situation, which are exceedingly grave.

Kaiser Wilhelm, oblivious, let us hope, of the unending series of Bismarck articles and Bismarck interviews, still hunts the whale and the reindeer in Northern climes. Some of his subjects are, in the meantime, giving themselves much trouble over the result of the Xanten trial of which we spoke last week. There has been quite a wave of honest indignation against the Anti-Semites; and poor Buschoff, who left the court only to find his home in ruins and himself an outcast, has been aided by such influential men as Mommsen and Virchow, and many others.

The Sofia trial ended on Tuesday. Milaroff, Popoff, Gheorghief, and Alex. Karaguloff were sentenced to death, and Karaveloff, the former Regent and Minister, for whom the Public Prosecutor had demanded a like fate, was sentenced to five years' imprisonment. Six of the prisoners were acquitted.

King Oscar, driven to his wits' end to know how to meet the Norwegian-Swedish crisis, called upon M. Stang, the leader of the Right or Unionist party on Tuesday to form a new Cabinet. This contingency was discussed by our Copenhagen correspondent last week.

The extraordinary Labour War in America has continued during the week, and cannot be said to be fully over yet. In Idaho large bodies of miners have taken to the mountains, and severe fighting between these outlaws and the troops is expected. Several hundred miners are under arrest. Eleven deaths have resulted from the affray between strikers and Pinkerton men at Homestead on July 6th. The workmen at Carnegie's Beaver Falls Mills have gone out in sympathy. Charges of murder will be brought against a number of the strike leaders. On the other hand, counter-informations will be lodged against the Carnegie officials, and there has been some wild talk about extradition proceedings against Mr. Carnegie himself, who is in Scotland. It is satisfactory to note the introduction in the House of Representatives of a Bill to prohibit the inter-State transport of armed forces such as Pinkerton's, and the passing of an amendment to the Sunday Civil Bill making it unlawful for the Government to enter into contracts with anyone who employs them.

#### THE ENGLISH ELECTIONS FROM A FRENCH STANDPOINT.

YOU wish me to give you the opinion of France upon the English elections. In reply, I must refuse in the first place to generalise. All Frenchmen do not share the same opinion: many French have none. I cannot speak for even the majority of my fellow-countrymen. I can speak but for myself.

As regards the Irish question in the first place, for Home Rule has been the chief electoral platform, almost all Frenchmen sympathise with Ireland: Catholics, Conservatives, and Republicans, holding the same opinion for different reasons. The first recall the speeches of O'Connell; they know that the great majority of Irishmen are Catholics, and that they have been oppressed by the Protestants;

and they entertain for their fellows in Ireland a sympathy that is all the stronger for a flavour of hatred for heretics. But there are so few Catholics in France of convictions sufficiently strong to provoke these sentiments that the favour which the cause of Ireland would win, were it confined to co-religionists, would be narrow indeed. It is, however, not so confined. Republicans and Liberals see in Ireland an oppressed nation, and sympathise with the men who are struggling for its liberation. Independently of the sentimental aspect of the case, they point to the decrease in the population of Ireland during the last fifty years, and consider that a Government which has produced such results is an evil one. Although Catholic, the Irish in the eyes of Republicans represent the cause of liberty. Not that there is a full agreement, either in creed or political principle between the Irish and French Republicans. The latter are not even familiar with the precise nature of the claims of Ireland, but they rejoice over the triumph of the Liberals, whose success they have been ardently desiring. Their only regret is that Mr. Gladstone's majority is not larger, for they fear lest from this cause he should be unable to settle the Irish question once and for all. There is, moreover, a vexed question in the relations between England and France—the Egyptian Question. This must be finally solved before the two nations can be in complete accord.

France has not forgotten Mr. Morley's speech in 1884 with regard to the Egyptian expedition; and she has noted the more recent declarations according to which the Liberal Party do not regard the occupation of Egypt as a permanent annexation. We hope, then, to solve the question with a Liberal Government, whereas with a Conservative Government it would be impossible. But we are not blind to the difficulties in the way of any Government that should endeavour to approach the question frankly. It could only deal with the question if supported by a large majority. The Gladstone Cabinet may plead its Parliamentary weakness by way of excuse. This is one of our reasons for wishing that the success of the Liberals had been more pronounced.

YVES GUYOT.

#### HOW THE UNIONISTS FOUGHT IN IRELAND.

OF the 101 Irish Members representing popular constituencies in the last Parliament sixteen were Unionists and eighty-five Home Rulers; in the new Parliament twenty-one will be Unionists and eighty Home Rulers. In spite of the division in the National ranks, in spite of the Ulster Convention, in spite of the boasted success of Mr. Balfour, the Unionists have only obtained—it is better in these matters to be mathematically correct—2070 of the Irish popular representation. They have not obtained even this small accession of strength without desperate effort, and they are never likely to do so well again. As I was engaged in the fight in almost all the doubtful Northern constituencies, I may be allowed to state shortly how it was that five seats have been won by the Unionists in Ireland. It was not by any change of opinion. There were not 100 Home Rulers of 1886 who voted Unionist in 1892. It was due to better organisation and better luck.

Our opponents were aided in several ways by the split in the Irish party. The Stephen's Green Division of Dublin was lost owing to the indiscretion of the local Nationalist Convention, which insisted, contrary to the advice of the committee of the party, on running Mr. Pearson. It is no more naturally Conservative than the Camlachie Division of Glasgow. No other loss was directly due to our divisions. The number of Parnellites in Ulster is small. In four constituencies they ran candidates who polled less than 300 votes altogether, and in other cases a few Parnellites voted for the Tory



candidates, but the majority in every constituency gave loyal assistance to the Nationalists. But, indirectly, our losses were in no small degree due to the effect of the split upon the registration work in the autumn of last year. It is hard for Englishmen to understand the persistence with which the fight to be on the register is carried on in doubtful constituencies in Ireland. The Nationalists are severely handicapped. Almost every rate-collector and every Clerk of the Union is a Tory, and they do their best for their party. Tory landlords abstain from returning the names of their cottier tenants, and Tory Boards of Guardians refuse to prosecute. The Tory Town Council of Belfast has cleared away street after street in the Nationalist part of West Belfast, while leaving other streets quite as insanitary untouched. Tory employers in the same division refused to let their mill-houses to a Catholic man for fear he might become qualified to vote. These influences could only be combated by the most determined effort. In West Belfast the total number of contested claims and objections have usually numbered 6,000. Four revising barristers have been engaged for a month each year in the work of revision. What with seeing that rates are paid in time, serving claims and objections, and coming into court to prove them, Nationalist organisers have never been idle. Last year this work was better done on the Tory side than on ours. They had plenty of money subscribed by their friends in Great Britain. We neither sought nor received a farthing from any source except from the people of Ireland, and our reserve funds in Paris were locked up. They were united; we were divided. They had every official on their side; we had to rely upon farmer and labourer. The wonder is we did so well. In South Dublin the work was left to the Parnellites; throughout Ulster it was done by the Nationalists. In the prevailing confusion mistakes were made by both. In virtue of one of these mistakes Mr. T. W. Russell still sits for South Tyrone. About 1,000 objections to Tory names on the list were signed, "Samuel Burnett, Auchnacloy, County Tyrone"; they should have been signed, "Samuel Burnett, being an elector upon the register of the said division for the polling district of Auchnacloy." Samuel Burnett was an elector duly qualified to object, but because he omitted to state how he was so qualified, the revising barrister (who has since been appointed a County Court judge) held the objections bad and refused to amend. He nevertheless received evidence in each case, and in over 300 instances decided that the persons objected to had no right to be on the register. But the Court of Appeal upheld the decision on the point of law, and the 300 persons who had no qualification remained to vote for Mr. Russell. This year, now that we have pulled ourselves together, large gains will be made on the register in most of the doubtful constituencies.

But even on the register as it was we should have done better but for the organised force of religious prejudice opposed to us. The proportion of Liberals among Ulster Protestants has always been small. No Liberal could ever have been returned in Ulster without the aid of the Catholic vote. Those Protestants who voted for Liberal candidates even in the old days when Home Rule was not in question were familiarly described by their co-religionists as "rotten Protestants." This sort of ascendancy feeling is always strong during the July celebrations. One Protestant farmer told a friend of mine that he would vote for him at any time except during the month of July. And this year bigotry was still further intensified by the Belfast Convention. It was looked upon as a great historical event, and the delegates became local leaders. The Presbyterian ministers, whose sustentation fund is invested on mortgage of Irish land, especially made themselves active political agents. So far as my observation went, "clerical dictation" was much more freely used among Protestants than among Catholics.

In South Tyrone, men were asked whether they would vote "for Dickson or for Christ," and men who had signed Mr. Dickson's nomination papers were coerced into voting against him. Mr. Russell himself was not ashamed to speak of those who opposed him as "rotten Protestants." In North Tyrone, Professor Dougherty, a minister of the Presbyterian Church—and perhaps the man of greatest intellectual distinction now possessed by that church in Ireland—was called a "bogus Protestant" because he stood as Gladstonian candidate. In North Fermanagh a Protestant shopkeeper who canvassed for Mr. Jordan found his clerical customers closing their accounts. In South Tyrone an inoffensive girl was dismissed from her position as organist in an Episcopalian church because her mother let a room to Mr. Dickson for a committee-room. In other places black lists of Protestant Home Rulers were posted in the Unionist Clubs. It is little wonder that such intimidation frightened some of the weaker brethren.

At the same time marvellous bribes were held out. Railways galore were promised from the inexhaustible Unionist exchequer. Mr. Russell and others pledged themselves to support compulsory sale of land to the tenants, though they had opposed it steadily before the dissolution. The Unionist candidate for North Fermanagh went further. Some of the doubtful voters held unsaleable shares in a railway which never pays its working expenses. Mr. Dane advocated the sale of all railways to the State.

The fact is, that thousands of my fellow Protestants, who had made up their minds a month before the election to vote for Home Rulers, were coerced or cajoled at the last moment into voting for Unionists. Yet, with all these forces against us, we have not done so badly. Derry City was only lost by 28 votes, and Mr. McCarthy was unfortunately prevented by illness from taking any part in the contest. South Tyrone was not gained, owing to a registration blunder. There is a good deal of accident in the local distribution of forces. For instance, my majority in West Cavan was more than double the combined Unionist majorities in South and North Tyrone, Derry and South Derry, West Belfast and North Fermanagh. The General Election of 1892 was fought under the most unfavourable circumstances possible for Irish Nationalists, and yet we have retained nearly four-fifths of the Irish representation.

E. F. V. KNOX.

#### A BAD EXAMPLE.

LORD SALISBURY has resolved to meet Parliament despite his defeat at the polls. Are we to expect a repetition of the manoeuvres by which Sir Robert Peel, when similarly defeated, sought to hold office in 1835, and by which, when driven from office, he sought to prevent Liberal legislation?

Sir Robert Peel came back from the Polls in 1834 with a following of 264 Tories; Lord Melbourne commanded in the Commons 109 British Whigs. But there were besides, 189 Radicals and Independents, 44 Repealers, and 22 Irish Whigs.\* These Peel regarded as a heterogeneous mass on which Melbourne could not rely; and he therefore resolved to give battle to the Whigs on the floor of the House of Commons. The first fight was on the election of Speaker. Peel put up Sutton: the Opposition Abercrombie. Peel was defeated by a majority of 10. But he did not resign. The next fight was on the Address, when Peel was once more defeated, by a majority of 7. But he still held on. The Tory leader then resolved to out-manoeuvre the Whigs by bringing in Liberal measures. He proposed (*inter alia*) to win over the Dissenters by reforming

\* Estimated strength of parties at the time.

the marriage laws, and to conciliate the Irish by dealing with the Tithes question. But the Opposition anticipated his tactics. Before the marriage laws were taken in hand the Whigs proposed that a charter should be granted to the London University—a subject which the Dissenters had much at heart. Peel resisted the proposal, but was defeated by a majority of 110. Still clinging to office, he resolved once for all to try issues with the Whigs on the Irish Question. On March 20th the Irish Secretary proposed a resolution converting Tithes into a rent charge of 75 per cent. of the Tithes.

On March 30th Lord John Russell met this manoeuvre by a motion for a Committee of the whole House to consider the Temporalities of the Church in Ireland. O'Connell and the Irish members supported Russell, and the Government was defeated by a majority of 33. But Peel still held on. On April 3rd Russell renewed his attack, and moved that the surplus revenues of the Church "ought to be locally applied to the general education of all classes of Christians in Ireland." By the help of the Irish Peel was again beaten, by a majority of 38, but he still held his ground. Finally, on April 7th, Russell moved: "That it is the opinion of this House that no measure on the subject of Tithes in Ireland can lead to a satisfactory and final settlement which does not embody the principle of appropriation." This motion was carried by a majority of 27, and Peel at length resigned.

The second Melbourne Ministry was then formed. The Government began its work by sending to Ireland the best British ruler that country has ever known—Thomas Drummond. Drummond was at once assailed by all the forces of the Ascendancy, but he crushed these forces and, supported by public opinion, kept the peace to the day of his death—April 15th, 1840. Drummond's administration did much to make the Irish people believe that Ireland could be governed justly by the Imperial Parliament. But the success with which the House of Lords mangled the remedial measures proposed by Ministers quickly dispelled this delusion.

In June, 1835, a Tithes Bill was introduced, converting Tithes into a rent charge of 68 per cent. of the Tithe and appropriating the surplus revenues of the Church to educational purposes in Ireland. This Bill passed the Commons by a majority of 37; but was thrown out by the Lords by a majority of 97. In 1836 the same Bill again passed the Commons by a majority of 39; but was again rejected by the Lords by a majority of 91.

Finally, in 1838, a compromise was arrived at; a Bill converting Tithes into a rent charge of 75 per cent. of the Tithe, and containing no appropriation clause became law. The Government was forced at the bidding of the Lords to abandon a clause which, on taking office, they considered of vital importance to the Bill.

In 1835 the Government also took up another important Irish question. They introduced a Bill for the reform of the Irish municipal corporations. There were at the time sixty-eight municipal corporations in Ireland, almost all in the hands of the Ascendancy. Ministers proposed to reform these corporations by creating a £10 household suffrage in seven of the largest towns, and a £5 household suffrage in the rest. In 1836 a Bill on these lines passed the Commons by a majority of 61, but was rejected in the Lords by a majority of 84. The Government then tried to meet the Lords half-way by proposing to preserve only twelve of the sixty-eight corporations, conferring on them a £10 household suffrage. As for the remaining towns it was proposed to hand them over to Commissioners appointed by the Lord-Lieutenant, and to grant them a £5 household suffrage.

This amended Bill passed the Commons by a majority of 152, but was rejected in the Lords by a majority of 97. In 1837 the same Bill again passed the Commons, and was again rejected in the Lords. The fight went on until 1840, when the Government

was again forced to yield to the Lords, and a Bill was passed abolishing 58 of the 68 municipalities, and conferring a £10 ratable franchise on the remaining 10.

The Irish policy of Ministers was defeated almost all along the line by the House of Lords. Their Lordships refused persistently to pass measures which had been carried through the Commons "only by an Irish majority." Are we to expect a repetition of these tactics now? And what is the remedy for the unconstitutional practice of disregarding an Irish majority? O'Connell saw the remedy clearly enough in 1836. He then made a progress through the North of England and through Scotland denouncing the House of Lords as the enemy of Ireland and the enemy of reform. At Edinburgh he said:—"Ancient Athens was degraded for submitting to thirty tyrants; modern Athens will never allow a handful of autocrats to rule over her. I have started on this mission to rouse the public mind to the necessity of reforming the House of Lords. I have had fifty thousand cheering me in Manchester, and one hundred thousand cheering me at Newcastle; and I heard one simultaneous cry, 'Down with the mad dogs, and up with common sense.'" At Glasgow he said: "It is impossible that it can last—that such a set of stupid, ignorant, half-mad fops and coxcombs can lord it over us."

O'Connell's words stand good to-day.

The moral of this story of the Melbourne Ministry is—"Mend or end the House of Lords."

R. BARRY O'BRIEN.

#### CHURCH AND PRESS.

AN old subject was raised once more at the Diocesan Conference at Lambeth last week, when Mr. John Murray read a paper on the Church and the Press. We should have been glad if our daily papers had found space, even amid the demands of the General Election, to print Mr. Murray's paper and the subsequent discussion, for nothing could be more timely at this moment than the topic with which they dealt. How far the Press can help the Church (we mean, of course, the Church universal, not merely the Church of England), how far it can hinder it, and to what extent it can take its place—these surely are questions which press more closely upon our attention now than they ever did before. The Press is not only more active, better organised, better equipped, and more powerful to-day than in any past time, but in many quarters its conductors are making demands upon its behalf which far exceed the pretensions of the journalists of an older day. Our editors have taken Carlyle's paradox seriously, and really think that the true Church of these times is to be found in the Press. The Church, on the other hand, adopts a dubious and not altogether friendly attitude towards the Press. Dislike, tempered by fear, is the feeling of most of the clergy towards the newspapers. They resent the notion that the journalist can ever replace the preacher. But not content with that, they follow the modern editor's bad example, and seek to invade the domain which by common consent is specially that of the newspaper. If the editor now concerns himself not merely with questions affecting the public morality—regarding which he is entitled, like everybody else, to have his own opinion—but with theological dogma, the preacher on the other hand boldly plunges into the political controversies of the hour, and attempts to carry his congregation to the poll bodily on behalf of some particular candidate. The discussion which was waged so furiously in the *Times* on the eve of the elections regarding the views of Nonconformists on Ireland was not a pleasant sign of the prevailing mood; whilst the manner in which a hundred pulpits in the Established Church were converted at the same moment into Tory platforms was distinctly



disheartening and even disgusting. Why should it be assumed that upon any purely political question the members of one religious body should all go in one way, and the members of another in the opposite direction? We know, of course, what Nonconformists like Mr. Guinness Rogers think about the Irish Question for example. They believe that the cause of Home Rule is also the cause of national righteousness, and they expect that every really good man ought to be on their side. For our own part we are heartily with them in this contention. But then, unfortunately, we have to face the fact that good men are notoriously divided in opinion upon this as upon many other questions; and we cannot claim the right to say that all who oppose Home Rule must of necessity be consciously opposed to the cause of the national righteousness. To many Churchmen, again, it has been extremely distressing to hear during the past few weeks the sermons which have been so common of late, in which well-meaning clergymen have done their best to identify the Tory cause with the cause of religion, and to hold up the Liberal party to the scorn and reprobation of all true Christians. All this introduction of party politics into the field of religion can only injure the churches, setting up within them divisions which should never be found there, and giving the journalist a legitimate claim to invade the domain of the clergy in return for their invasion of his own province.

The duty of the journalist is sufficiently clear. He has to set forth the principles in which he believes, to set them forth as clearly and persuasively as he can. He is bound first of all to be honest himself, and not to be the mere hireling repeating, parrot-like, the doctrines dictated to him by his employer. He is not less strongly bound to safeguard, so far as he can, the national morals, and to uphold to the best of his abilities every movement which, in his opinion, makes for righteousness. But within these limits he is absolutely free. He has signed no Articles, subscribed to no Title Deed. He is at liberty to uphold with all his might the cause represented by Mr. Gladstone or that associated with the name of Lord Salisbury, according to his own personal belief in the merits of either. But having made up his mind on which side the right lies, he is in error when he appeals to the members of particular churches to support him because of their special theological or ecclesiastical tenets. All the world is his field, not one particular corner of it; and instead of extending he really diminishes his power for usefulness when he addresses his exhortations specially to the conscience of some particular sect or church. For our part, speaking from the Nonconformist stand-point, we confess we are wholly unable to discover wherein the Nonconformist conscience is, in the nature of things, superior to the Church of England conscience, or why we should prefer the latter to the conscience of the devout Romanist. To claim that special deference must be paid to the conscientious beliefs of any one set of men is to sail dangerously near the rocks of religious bigotry and intolerance.

Nor is the duty of the churches less clearly marked out than that of the Press. It is notorious that in probably every congregation in the land men of different political opinions may be found. But why are they found there? Precisely because they agree together in their mode of worship and (presumably) in their doctrines on matters of religion. Is it fair in these circumstances that a preacher in the secure rostrum of his pulpit should not only identify himself with one political party, but should seek to identify the church of which he is a member with it also? No sensible person can dream of denying to the clergyman as an individual the right to have his own views on political questions; but the intrusion of political topics—topics of controversial politics—into sermons is another matter. They are absolutely out of harmony with the genius of the place in which the speaker

stands. They may please some members of his congregation, but they undoubtedly disturb and ruffle others. Men go to church or chapel, not to get a hash-up of the political articles of the previous day's *Times* or *Daily News*, but to worship God, and to find in meditation on the "everlasting verities" a relief from the passionate contradictions and disputations of the hour. They have a right to feel aggrieved when in their most sacred moments the furious cries of opposing parties are dinned into their ears. But is the pulpit then to be dumb when the nation is passing through the crisis of its fate? Is the vast organisation of the religious world to rust unemployed at such a moment? By no means. To the preacher also the field open is a wide one, no less wide than that of the journalist. But it depends entirely upon himself whether he can cultivate it to the full; and just as the journalist lessens the extent of his influence when he appeals to particular churches or sects, so the preacher falls short of his proper power for good when in teaching the Divine truths, and impressing them upon the minds and consciences of his hearers, he seeks to identify those truths with the interests of some political party. If he really has faith in the righteousness of the party to which he himself belongs, he should feel confident that to state the principles which should guide the citizen in discharging his duty to the State will suffice to lead men to vote as he wishes. But, in any case, he can hardly do greater harm to himself or to his church than by turning his pulpit into a Tory or a Liberal canvassing station.

These are the main thoughts which are naturally raised at the present moment by the question of Church and Press, for unfortunately the recent political struggle has affected the relations of the two powers by no means favourably. As for that further question raised by those who dream that our journalist, anonymous, impersonal, of unvouched antecedents, is to take the place of the religious teacher, who stands Sunday by Sunday before the congregation which knows him to set forth the truths in which he believes—merely to argue it would be to give up faith in the moral influence of individual men. The preacher himself will alone be to blame if ever the journalist takes his place in the world. A man, standing forth as a teacher not merely in virtue of his command of words, but of his life and character, must after all outweigh in the minds of those who hear him the printed sheet of paper, no matter how gifted may be the pen that has made use of it.

#### THE ESTABLISHED CHURCH IN RURAL DISTRICTS.

[BY A COUNTRY RECTOR.]

THE curse of the Established Church is in its country clergy, who are, to a large extent, aristocratic in their feeling, and often exercise a petty despotism over their parish. . . . It is such men who have made the word 'parson' to many people a word of contempt." These are hard words, coming, as they do, from an American writer who recently visited England for the purpose of studying our social movements.\* But, however hard, the question is: Are they true words? For the writer has done ample justice to the town clergy, to whatever school of religious thought they may belong. It is too late to attempt in any way to alter the line that has been taken by the rural clergy, almost without exception, in view of the election through which we have passed, upon the subject of the social welfare of their cottage parishioners; yet at such times the national pulse is quickened, the blood runs warmer, and we see better what men are, and how their relations with those with whom they have to do affect human interests.

\* "English Social Movements." By R. A. Woods.

And going out from a district where there is no active political life, into the battle that has been fought out—east and west, north and south—were it not that “the mass of men” are dearer to me than even the Church of which I am an accredited officer, my heart had altogether failed within me. For what a sight presents itself on all sides. It is sixty years since the passing of the first Reform Bill, and in rural England political freedom is this day born. At last, the agricultural labourer has made up his mind and is preparing to take his place in the government as a member of the governing classes. He is shaking off the yoke of the squire, the farmer, and the parson; socially and religiously he is a new man, determined to try his strength, knowing that he is master of the situation. The agents and canvassers of the Liberal party have done their work well; nobody, I suppose, except one man, has gauged the effect of the London Rural Conference, coming as it did on good work done before. The Liberal party have taken up the cause of the labourers, and their Village Programme is the labourers’ Magna Charta. After Home Rule for Ireland comes “One man one vote,” and Village Home Rule. What of the parsons then? They have thrown in their lot with the squire, the landlord, and the farmer. They have not lifted a finger to loosen the leading-strings; have not cleared the path of progress; have not sympathised with, and entered into, the labourer’s social needs and aspirations. Now it is too late. How are we to account for it? The rural clergy are kind and generous in times of sickness and trouble. Yes, they are alive to the *individual* causes of misfortune, yet utterly blind to the *social* causes. I may be wrong, but when I look at the town clergy, especially where emoluments are but small, and sometimes almost nil, I am constrained to believe that it is the very establishment, with its existing form of endowment, that is at fault. *Because* the rural clergy are endowed with lands and tithes the cause of the National Church languishes. In their social mission their hands are tied, the edges of their tools turned. With all the good-will in the world they cannot effectually help their poorer parishioners. Belonging to the old order, they have not accommodated themselves to the new—the salt has lost its savour. We must not be greatly blamed: circumstances, environment, have been so much against us. If we go and speak to the farmer about the unsanitary condition of certain cottages, he will throw up the glebe farm, or delay the tithe, or stop his subscriptions. If we offend the squire, we have to endure a social boycott. All our material interests are bound up with privilege. We are, many of us, landlords ourselves. Remove these Sadder influences; *compel* us to find Church defence in the hearts of our people, or nowhere. Else there is nothing for it but the extinction of the National Church in rural England. The private and confidential notice issued from the so-called Church Defence Association to vote for Tory candidates, and to induce our parishioners to do the same, is not needed. The Church in the rural districts has already elected to throw in her lot with the Tory party, and will have to bear the consequences. Our one hope, as a living Church, lies in speedy disestablishment, followed by an out-and-out “trust-in-the-people” policy. As it is, the endowment of the country parson has been reduced to a miserable pittance. We hold “livings” which are not livings. But the fact of endowments, drawn from the land, however inadequate, checks the stream of voluntary contributions (which feeds the Church in the town); paralyses the lay service of love; and keeps low the rising wave of a holy enthusiasm.

And, passing outside the limits of our several parishes, there is the question of REUNION. The barriers of separation are breaking down. St. John, as well as St. Paul, is beginning to be heard. Love is the golden thread that is binding brother to brother under the Fatherhood of God; but tests, many of them of modern origin, bar the way.

Instead of advancing into the forefront of the change, the rural clergy are making no move—only standing stiffly on their rights and privileges. They trust not the people, and then wonder that they in turn are not trusted; they are busy defending the truth, seemingly forgetting that the truth—if it be the truth—will defend them and itself too.

“Come down and meet their fellows—man to man,  
So much we might do, so it seems, to span  
The ancient gulf that severs rich and poor,  
In which Christ threw Himself, for evermore  
To show his sorrowing poor that God hath not  
Forgotten those he seemed to have forgot.”

J. FROME WILKINSON.

#### THE SHELLEY MEMORIAL.

IT is one of those delightful revenges of Time that a memorial should be erected and a reading-room opened in honour of Shelley’s memory at Horsham, Horsham, that bucolic centre of farming interests, cattle markets, corn, and the general swapping and dealing that has made it the second of those Tory strongholds—the Sussex towns. What has Shelley to do with those sturdy countrymen, so excellent and so stolid, that one may meet by the score of an evening in the old-fashioned, narrow, clean-paved streets of the ancient market town? Much, as you will know, if you take a glass with some quavering-voiced elder at “The King’s Head” Inn, and listen to his slow unwinding of old incidents long ravelled in his brain. For he will tell you, and you may trust his recollections in all save the exactness of dates, how he remembers, as a boy, seeing two men hanged for sheep-stealing in the ‘Twenties. That was before the place of execution for the county was fixed at Lewes Gaol. The scene that rises before one, the pious exhortations of the judge representing outraged and indignant justice, the stupid stare, now helpless, now defiant, of those two labourers—black sheep let it be allowed—the final scene at the gallows, reared not far from the “King’s Head,” all of it has a very definite and precise relation to the writings of the most idealistic of English poets; for Shelley, by a freak of Fate, was born about three miles from Horsham, at a typical country house on a typical country estate, the son of a squire, who very likely often assisted in the conviction of Hodge when the latter occasionally dared to defy God Almighty and Lord Liverpool by stealing sheep. The whole system of things that Shelley defied consistently in his practice of life, and in everything he wrote, may be reconstructed with a little imagination and with a little trouble in this town which a Tory retained only the other day by the handsome majority of two thousand votes. And now a Shelley reading-room will be opened in some quiet street, and the local papers will be loud in the praise of Shelley as a Sussex man, and, above all, as an English poet; and the clergymen, and the mayor, and the leading tradesmen will say some very handsome things of this same erratic Percy Bysshe Shelley, and, perhaps, will hastily procure and read his dangerous works! How admirable in its comedy is our attitude towards the man whose verse was so largely inspired by that English abomination, the French Revolution. And this curious exhibition of joy over a great poet who was reviled and ridiculed and calumniated by our forefathers, and who is not read by ourselves, has been chiefly brought about by the efforts of the dozen men who have signed the draft of the Memorial that lies before us. Truly they could not have done a thing happier in its irony and point than in selecting Horsham for the celebration of the idealistic poet’s centenary.

That we are not wrong in inciting, somewhat satirically it is true, the peculiarly staid and orthodox-minded to join in singing Shelley’s praises, was somewhat amusingly demonstrated a few days ago by an article in the Conservative daily press. The most



respectable London Conservative organ (since the Pigott days) somewhat incautiously absolved one of its leading columns from the dreary task of attacking the principles of Home Rule, and set it instead to the harder work of praising the most revolutionary of English poets. And the method *The Standard* employed in this delicate and dangerous *pas de seul* was most admirable. It explained that Shelley's poetry was great and glorious, and redounded to the credit of England, etc. etc., but it added that the principles on which that poetry was founded were absolutely naught. His ideas, said the Conservative organ, are worth nothing at all, but the beauty of language he employs in clothing them is truly sublime. A more exquisitely funny piece of criticism could scarcely be conceived; it is on a par with that enunciated by the slaughtering critics of *Quarterly* fame, who were hired by the dominant political party to bark, like surly house-dogs, at every man with a fresh face who drew near.

And in face of the example of the *Standard*, which has thus severely done its duty in warning the British householder of the horrible principles which inspired a most exquisite poet, it cannot be expected, though it is ironically to be hoped, that the indiscreet Unionists will keep clear of another very dangerous point, viz., Shelley's inconsiderate and unmeasured advocacy of Home Rule. Dublin was the scene of the youthful Shelley's generous agitation for the repeal of the Union, and for Catholic Emancipation. A more airy and unpractical propaganda than his was cannot be conceived, but it sprang direct from the principles that gave birth to his immortal poetry, and is one of the many instances (of which William Morris is to-day a striking example) that a poet's principles must find some satisfaction in practical life, however faint the outcome be. "Shelley's principles sprang from mere sentiments," say the opponents of Home Rule. Precisely, and what, may we ask, does the imperious demand for Home Rule now rest primarily on, and on what grounds will it be ultimately satisfied? Merely on those sentiments of *Justice* which grow stronger and more imperious the longer they are denied by the timid, merely on those sentiments of *Justice* which are at last making themselves so inconveniently felt in the English conscience. And is it not more for his unflinching acceptance of those sentiments, than for the beautiful language he clothed them in, that Horsham is bidden to honour the memory of Percy Bysshe Shelley to-day?

#### LE VENGEUR AGAIN!

POILPOT'S very effective panorama of the sinking of the *Vengeur*, now to be seen for two francs in the Champs-Élysées, has given a new vogue to this diuturnal legend, and M. Maurice Loir has just endeavoured in the *Revue politique* (*Revue bleue*) a glowing account of the now oppressive episode "according to documents in the Marine archives." This article is by no means so perditionally Chauvinistic as the generality of French rhapsodies on the subject; but what interests us at this moment much more is an excellent brief critical paper, penned in the bantering mood, in the *Revue de Saintonge et d'Aunis* for this month, by the able president of the Société des Archives, M. Louis Audiat, who plainly says: "It is well to put the truth into the place of error, be the truth even not always too pleasant to tell."

Another reason for welcoming this genuine article is that the crew of 723 of *Le Vengeur du Peuple*—such was her full name—had for the most part been hastily recruited under the impulsion of the "représentant du peuple" Jean Bon-Saint-André on the coasts of Saintonge very shortly before the fight; while within a quite recent period the local newspapers there would every now and then paragraph the death of some "last survivor" or other of the *Vengeur*.

But first let me take Lord Howe's own account (in the *London Gazette*, 11th, 17th, and 21st June, 1794). His despatches related that "an hour after the close action commenced in the centre, the French admiral" (Villaret-Joyeuse, with the former merchant-captain J. Bon-Saint-André aboard), "crowded off, and was followed by most of the ships of his van in condition to carry sail after him, leaving us with about ten or twelve of his crippled or totally dismasted ships. . . . Seven remained in our possession, one of which (the *Vengeur*) however *sunk* before the adequate assistance could be given to her crew, but many were saved."

The arithmetical account of the action of that "glorious 1st of June" tots up thus: 28 French ships with 1,290 guns came out of Brest on 28th May to meet and bring in a convoy of 200 sail, chiefly of corn-ships from America for the revictualing of Paris. The positive orders were to do this without fighting Howe, if possible. But Howe, with 26 ships and 1,012 guns sighted the Brest fleet at once, took their sternmost *Révolutionnaire* that same night, and, having got the weather-gauge of them on the 29th, managed after two days' provoking delay from fogs, to force a general action off Ouessant—Ushant as we call it—in the early morning of the 1st June, when his "ships bore up together for the purpose. The French waited for the action, and sustained the attack with their customary resolution." Howe said the French then numbered 26 ships—and we may be sure he counted—while he had but 25, having sent the *Audacious* away with the captured *Révolutionnaire*. Therefore only 20 (or 19) of the French fleet eventually got away; but Villaret-Joyeuse, as we have seen, had first, with only some 16 or 18 sail, abandoned his crippled remainder after one hour's close action.

But, for all that, in the interval between the 28th of May and the 1st of June, what with the fogs and what with the fighting, the corn-fleet under Admiral Vanstabel, the Dunkirk merchant-captain, had slipped by and got safe into Brest. So that, after all said and done, the French sally had gained its original object, and that no doubt was one reason why Villaret-Joyeuse, whose orders were to avoid fighting, retired (let us say) with precipitation. M. Loir's way of putting this result is, "a determined and bloody struggle, an heroic defeat, and France saved from famine." On both sides of the Channel, then, it was a "glorious 1st of June." Let us "make it so, and pipe" for peace about this eternal subject.

And now as to the *Vengeur*. Villaret-Joyeuse's report to the Minister of Marine, on 2nd June, wholly omits her. But he had run away, and so had J. Bon-Saint-André, whose journal never so much as mentions the *Vengeur*. Ten days after the action, Prieur (of the Marne), sent to visit the escaped fleet, drops no word of the legendary ship. Barère (so he spelt himself, according to Guiffrey's "Conventionnels"), announcing the battle to the Convention on 17th June, did not once utter her name, nor allude to her; but on 9th July, having then read Howe's despatches, and the declaration of the *Vengeur*'s survivors made at Tavistock on 19th June, he bombastically started the vivacious lie by saying that the "crew, possessed by a kind of warlike philosophy, preferred to engulf themselves at the bottom of the sea rather than fall into the hands of tyranny."

The true facts are sufficient glory for the boldest ship's company that ever sharpened a cutlass. The 723 fought their ship, according to the survivors' Tavistock account, until some 250—one man in three—were killed or wounded; and then they hauled down their colours none too soon, but all too late, as the catastrophe proved. When it was seen that she was sinking, "many of the English ships sent off their boats"; the *Culloden* and the *Alfred* did all they could; a cutter, a sloop, and other boats saved 267 of those who could be the first to jump into them; but the remainder were seen by their comrades in the boats "with their hands stretched heavenward,

imploring with lamentable cries the help they could no longer expect; and the vessel soon disappeared with the unfortunate victims still on board." Four hundred and fifty-six in all perished, killed or drowned.

"We heard, as we rowed off," reported the survivors, "some of our comrades still giving cheers for their country; the last cries of those unfortunates were those of '*Vive la République!*' They died uttering them." This was Barère's cue for the 9th of July speech, which may now be read in Mr. Morse Stephens's recent and most valuable "Orators of the Revolution."

The most unpleasant incident about this heroic accident—and M. Audiat does not shirk the "cowardice" of it for a moment—is that while the fighting *Vengeur du Peuple* was going down with her living freight, her captain—one Renaudin from Marennes where the oysters grow—with his son, and his cousin the second in command, and his first lieutenant Pillet, from Arces, were lunching on board the *Culloden*, having been the first to abandon their ship and their crew. So great, however, is the modern statue-mania in France, that they absolutely wanted to give one to the mollusc Renaudin in 1881; but Admiral Cloué came down like a sledge-hammer on the project, saying, "Renaudin was a coward who ought to have been degraded and disgraced."

In acknowledgment of the outspoken pithiness of M. Audiat's article, we might well afford to present him with a fair share of the headlong gush about *The Revenge*, with which we ourselves have been flooded ever since Sir Walter Raleigh's and Gervase Markham's and (least but not last) Jan Huygen van Linschoten's time.

A halfpenny token issued "in commemoration of the glorious 1st of June, 1794," bore on its obverse this dull popular pun: "May the French ever know Howe to rule the main!"

## TWO FRENCH NOVELS.

AT this moment several hundreds of human beings are complacently writing stories like M. Albert Delpit's "*Belle-Madame*" (Paris: Ollendorff) to appear at the bottom of the front page of French newspapers, where they will in due season be read with equal complacency by several thousand other beings, also human. At the thought of the enormous output of *romans-feuilletons* the brain reels. These things, manufactured by writers who are men of words but not men of letters, are neither good nor bad, they are null. As literature they simply do not "exist," yet are they read more widely than all the masterpieces of all the ages. Some Edison will by-and-by invent a machine for turning them out, automatically, by the furlong. Then will the occupation of M. Albert Delpit and his compeers be gone. Meanwhile these gentry do exceedingly flourish, and compel the exasperated reviewer to go for them baldheaded.

Yet, at first blush, it seems no such easy matter to write a book like "*Belle-Madame*." You require an ear absolutely deaf to style, a plentiful lack of ideas, an infinite capacity for inaccurate observation, a fund of sham philosophy, a fecundity of commonplace reflection, a power of saying again what has been said a thousand times already, and saying it worse. Many people possess one or two of these qualities, but it is given to few to boast of them all at once. M. Delpit is one of the few. Let us sit for a moment at the feet of this Gamaliel and learn how to produce a "*Belle-Madame*." We begin by placing our action in Marseilles. We remark that in an age of prose Marseilles remains a city of poetry. It carries the mind to Greece and Phœnicia, and thence to Tyre and Sidon. Nor do reminiscences of Sophocles and Pericles fail us. In this poetic city, where "the dreamer needs no great effort to fancy himself a contemporary of white-armed courtézans and warriors à l'ondoyante cnémide," we postulate the existence of a niece, poor but fair to look upon, and

of a very malicious Creole aunt, who takes snuff. We let the niece, anxious to escape the persecutions of the snuffy Creole, marry a wealthy citizen, whom she does not love. This step naturally leads to a conservatory and a dashing cavalryman. Our soldier "belongs to that aristocracy of race and intelligence which alone found grace in the eyes of Saint-Simon," and, naturally, "an air of disdain renders him irresistible." Given the conservatory, the irresistible air of disdain, and the fact that the lady does not love her husband—and you can see what happens with half an eye. When it happens we remark with M. Delpit, "Oh! the eternal contradiction of the human heart." The husband being much older than the lady, and the gallant having a trick of entering by the balcony, we are of course reminded of Bartholo and Rosina. So we say, "In every man who is sincerely enamoured is concealed a Bartholo," and we add, in the same breath, without, so to speak, turning a hair, "and in every woman the charming and naïve ruse of a Rosina." About this time a duel is clearly—as the doctors say—"indicated." After the duel sentimental sick-nursing, and after the sick-nursing an elopement. The elopement is to a valley in Vaucluse, and we remark that this is "the country of the sun." Item: the sky is "immutably" blue, dark blue. Then, remembering the fourth act of *Frou-Frou*, we insinuate, mildly but firmly, that the bluest and sunniest atmospheric effects are powerless to still the voice of conscience in the breasts of lovers who have eloped. Wherefore we shift our ground in the next chapter to the divorce court. The proper ending is to make our heroine die of consumption. M. Delpit, greatly daring, keeps his heroine alive, but is not so temerarious as to ignore altogether the poetic justice of consumption; so, though the mistress lives, the maid it is who dies. Finally we have a snow-scene (borrowing for the purpose a sieve-full of white-paper snow from the Ambigu or the Adelphi) in which we reconcile the wife, chastened and repentant, to the elderly but forgiving husband. And, if we have the courage of M. Delpit, we make the final observation: "C'est que l'existence est ainsi faite." Should the brutal reviewer shout in his frenzy, "No! existence is not a bit like that!" we point triumphantly to the announcement, "thirty-fifth edition." Q. E. D.

M. Adrien Chabot's novel "*Un Parvenu*" (Paris: Calmann Lévy) is also irritating enough in its way, but the way is a shade better than M. Albert Delpit's. It introduces us, like a novel of Balzac's, to a romantically wicked Paris, where all the men are unscrupulous rascals and the ladies, if old, are harpies and furies, if young, daughters of joy—to use a Gallicism which Mr. Louis Stevenson finds grateful and comforting—very thinly veneered. But it needs a Balzac to make these lurid personages plausible. M. Chabot fails to convince us that they are alive, and so we find only a lukewarm interest in their plots and counterplots, or in the misadventures of the *parvenu* who supplies the carcass whereon these eagles are gathered together. Here, also, there is a duel—a much more sanguinary duel than M. Delpit's—and eke another dashing cavalryman. Nor is the orthodox description of the unorthodox or demi-mundane *salon* lacking, the sort of description which would make lively reading if we had not already read it a hundred times in the pages of M. Daudet.

Both these books came to hand interleaved with prospectuses of excursions by railway to the French seaside; and doubtless it is in the little casino of Étretat or under the cliff at Le Tréport that such novels are intended to be read. To while away the time between a mild gamble at *petits chevaux* and Mme. Blanquet's dinner-bell they may serve; but here in London they only cause the ungodly reviewer to blaspheme. Have we not enough of such wares in our own island? If silly people want silly stories,

"The world is all before them where to choose,"

at the excellent Messrs. Mudie's.



## THE DRAMA.

## "PHÈDRE"—"THE CENCI."

THIS brilliant season of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt's which comes to an end to-night has given us many fine things, but nothing quite so fine as the performance of *Phèdre*. In what one may call the Sardou-Sarah repertory, the series of violent, highly coloured, over-stimulating, and nerve-torturing pieces which the dramatist has written to the measure of the modern actress and the demand of the brutalised modern audience, it is the extraordinary personality of Mme. Bernhardt which fascinates one, and that alone; one feels always that the actress is superior to the piece. The interest is a histrionic much more than a dramatic interest. How different is the interest of *Phèdre*! Here the dramatist is supreme; the actress ceases to be an exhibition, and becomes ancillary to something far higher in the scale of the arts than herself; the feeling of strain, of nervous oppression, has given way to a sense of suave, harmonious beauty. It is a fashion with Englishmen to pooh-poo Racine: still boorish and incult, it is force rather than grace we ask from literature; but, I declare, after seeing *Phèdre*, I feel inclined to go straightway to my bookshelves and fling all the collected works of Thomas Carlyle into the fire. Racine had already realised for us, did we but know it, the Happy Land only dreamt of by J. K. S., where the Rudyard ceases from Kipling and the Haggards ride no more. Under the spell of *Phèdre*, one turns from the literature of blood and brute force, the *faits et gestes* of Fuzzy-Wuzzy and Umslopogaas, with a sort of nausea.

Yet—and here you have a signal instance of the victory of treatment over subject—the ground-plan of *Phèdre* belongs to the age of brutality, nay, of primeval savagery. A woman consumed by an incestuous passion, an attempt at suicide, a father cursing his son and dooming him to a horrible death—here are the very elements for a sombre, crude, and violent drama. With such a theme many a minor Elizabethan would have turned the stage into a shambles. But Racine, with his fastidiousness of selection, his Raphael trick of idealisation, his inveterate turn for grace and nobility, has made this theme a thing of perfect beauty. His Venus-haunted woman has such delicacy of conscience, so many reticences, so holy a horror of her own passion, that she becomes almost virginal (I have read somewhere that the severe Boileau spoke of her "*douleur vertueuse*"), and the very terror of the hero's fatal struggle with the sea-monster (contrast it, for instance, with Victor Hugo's loathly octopus episode in *Les Travailleurs de la Mer*) becomes delectable through the sonorous eloquence of the language in which a "messenger" describes it.

It is the fashion to say that this beauty, this elegance, is attained by Racine at the cost of all historical feeling; that his Greeks have not a penn'orth of Greek nature in them, but are *seigneurs* and *princesses* of the Court of the Roi-Soleil. Indeed, I have said this quite recently myself (which circumstance I mention merely because it seems an excellent reason why I should begin to reconsider the opinion), and suggested that the piece should be mounted in the costumes of the Versailles of Louis XIV. The same suggestion I have since found was made, so long ago as 1847, by Théophile Gautier, and had even then, it seems, been anticipated in practice. "I remember," writes Gautier, "seeing an act of *Phèdre* mounted, for one of Mme. Dorval's benefits, in this way: Hippolyte wore the *cothurnus* decked with leaves, to indicate his wild and rustic character, a satin doublet, a little patch of tiger-skin on one shoulder, a flaxen wig and a gilt quiver. *Phèdre* was clad in a superb robe with a train, in apple-green damask, spangled with silver. Her *coiffure* was a majestic edifice. The verses delivered by the prince and princess accorded

perfectly with the style of the costumes and scenery. There wanted only two or three rows of marquises at the wings, and the candle-snuffer to come in and pinch the wicks at the most pathetic moment!" Certainly it would be very amusing to see *Phèdre* mounted in this way; but I question, after all, whether the lords and ladies of Versailles behaved with the stately elegance of Racine's personages. Their manners, if Saint-Simon is to be believed, and especially their fashion of courtship, were by no means Racinian. Even in Molière, marquises and coquettes treat one another with sheer brutality. All that they could have supplied, possibly, of the *Phèdre* elements would have been the incest. (As Heine said, in his mock-comparison of Berlin with Athens, "If we have no Socrates, we have plenty of hemlock.") No; I submit diffidently—for it would be impudent in an Englishman to advance an opinion on this topic except as a conjecture—that the grace and suavity of Racine were personal to the dramatist rather than a reflection of his age. In the reverent, reticent, almost spinster-like treatment of love, of which he was sometimes capable, he seems to me a long way ahead of his age. For instance, that delicious scene of affection modestly avowed and returned which we get in Act II. between Hippolyte and Aricie might, bating the Alexandrines, almost have been written by Jane Austen as a chapter of "Sense and Sensibility."

Perhaps the most curious claim which has been set up for *Phèdre*, a claim which shows the enormous influence of traditions and authoritative names in criticism, is that it ranks with the masterpieces of Greek tragedy because it gives us the Aristotelian *Katharsis* of pity and terror. "The heart is pierced and the spirit is appalled by crimes violating the most sacred ties of nature." But where is there anything heart-piercing or appalling to the spirit in *Phèdre*? Racine's idealistic treatment has robbed the subject of all its terrors. *Phèdre's* passion, Hippolyte's death, are simply pretexts for agreeable scenes and mellifluous speeches. We pity no one, and are not in the least terrified. We simply enjoy. In my experience, the resultant impression is one of sensuous luxury; the same sort of impression one gets from a Nocturne of Chopin or a "Venus and Mars" of Botticelli. That, I take it, was by no means the impression the Greeks got from the *Edipis Tyrannus*.

The same claim has been advanced on behalf of *The Cenci*, on, it seems to me, an equally incorrect view of the facts. Personally, I find myself not a bit heart-stricken or appalled by the outrageous villainy of Count Cenci. I regard him only with a certain curiosity, as a type of the strange moral chaos of the Renaissance. I have referred to the *Cenci* here because a couple of scenes from Shelley's play, the final scenes of Beatrice's imprisonment and resolution to face death, were recited in costume—played is not the word—by Miss Florence Farr and some suburban ladies and gentlemen at Bedford Park the other day. Miss Farr looked very winsome, and recited her lines well enough, but the experiment was not a happy one, this experiment of a toy-performance in the toy-club of the toy-village alongside the toy-stores and the toy-tavern. Possibly the audience of innocent damsels, who took the tragedy on their way from music-lesson to tennis-lawn, enjoyed the exquisite sensation of fancying themselves audaciously wicked. But the toy-tragedy was really quite innocuous.

A. B. W.

## A PLEA FOR THE OLD PLAYGOER.

HE'S a nuisance, of course. But to see only that side of him is to think, as the shepherd boy piped, "as though" you will "never grow old." Does he never appeal to you with any more human significance, a significance tearful and uncomfortably symbolic? Or are you so entirely that tailor's fraction of manhood, the *fin de siècle* type, that your

ninth part does not include a heart and the lachrymal gland? You suspect him at once as you squeeze past his legs to your stall, for he cannot quite conceal the hissing twinge of gout; and you are hardly seated before you are quite sure that a long night of living for others is before you.

"You hardly would think it, perhaps," he begins, "but I saw Charles Young play the part—yes, in 1824."

If you are young and innocent, you think—"What an interesting old gentleman!" and you have vague ideas of pumping him for reminiscences to make into copy. Poor boy, you soon find that there is no need of pumping on your part. He is entirely self-acting, and the wells of his autobiography are as deep as the foundations of the world.

If you are more experienced, you make a quick, frantic effort to escape; you try to nip the bud of his talk with a frosty "indeed?" and edge away, calling upon your programme to cover you. You never so much as turn the sixteenth part of an eye in his direction, for even as the oyster-man, should the poor mollusc heave the faintest sigh, is inside with his knife in the twinkling of a star; even as a beetle has but to think of moving its tiniest leg for the bird to swoop upon him,—even so will the least muscular interest in your neighbour give you bound hand and foot into his power.

But really and truly escape is hopeless. You are beyond the reach of any salvage agency whatsoever. Better make up your mind to be absolutely rude or absolutely kind; and the man who can find in his heart to be the former must have meeting eyebrows, and will sooner or later be found canonised in wax at Madame Tussaud's. To be the latter, however, is by no means easy. It is the most poignant form of self-sacrifice attained by the race. In that, at least, you have some wintry consolation; and the imaginative vignette of yourself wearing the martyr's crown is a pretty piece of sacred art.

If you wished to make a bag of old playgoers, or meditated a sort of Bartholomew's Eve, a revival of *Hamlet* would, of course, be the occasion you would select for your purpose; for the old playgoer, so to say, collects *Hamlets*. At a first night of *Hamlet* every sixth stall-holder is a Dr. Doran up to date, his mind a portfolio of old prints.

That is why a perambulation of the stalls is as perilous as to pick one's way through hot ploughshares. You can hardly hope always to pass through them unscathed. You are as sure some night to find yourself plopped down beside him as you will some day be called to serve on the jury. And then—

"O limed soul, that, struggling to be free,  
Art more engaged!"

However, "sudden the worst turns best to the brave," and "there is much music" in this old fellow if only you have the humanity to listen. To begin with, he has probably a distinguished face, with a bunch of vigorous curly hair, white as hawthorn. He has a manner, too. Supposing you try and enter into his soul for a moment or two. It does one good to get outside ourselves for a while, and this old man's soul is a palace of memory. These lines that, maybe, have been familiar to you for fifteen years have been familiar to him for sixty. That is why he knows them off so well, why he repeats them under his breath. Look at his face!—like a Methodist praying, anticipating the actor in all the fine speeches. Do look at his face! How it shines, as though it had been well rubbed with washleather, as the golden passages come treading along. How his head moves in an ecstasy of remembrance in which there is a whole world of tears. How he half turns to you with a wistful appeal to feel what he is feeling: an appeal to kindle a clod. It is the old wine laughing to itself within the old bottle.

And, one thing you will notice, it is the poetry that moves him: the great metaphor, the sonorous cadences, the honeysuckle fancies. He belongs to an age that had an instinct for beauty, and loved style—an age that, in the words of a modern wit, had not

grown all nose with intellect, an age that went to the theatre to dream, not to dissect.

And for you there may be here and there a flower of remembrance stuck within the leaves of the play, but for him it is stained through with the sweets of sixty springs. His youth lies buried within it like a thousand violets.

Practically he is Death at the play. To you there is but one ghost in *Hamlet*, to him there are fifty, and they all dance like shadows behind "the new *Hamlet*," and even sit about the stalls.

If your love be with you, forbear to press her hand in the love-scenes, or, at least, don't let the old man see you, because he used to punctuate those very passages he is muttering in just the same way—sixty years ago, when she, whose angel face he will kiss no more, unless it be in the heavenly fields, sat like a flower at his side. Poor old fellow, can you be selfish to him? Can you say, "These tedious old fools!" Fool thyself, this night shall thy youth be required of thee.

You might think of this next time you drop across the old playgoer. It was natural in *Hamlet* to swear at Polonius—who, you will remember, was an old playgoer himself—but, being a gentleman, it was natural in him, too, to recall the first player with, "Follow that lord; but look you mock him not!"

#### VANITY FAIR.

FOR once Fashion has belied her name, and remained persistently faithful to a single point—the eel-skin skirt, a style of garment eminently suited to the Venus de Milo, but considerably less becoming to the British maid or matron. Yet men say women are capricious. But what will not men say on occasion? For my part I have come to the conclusion that before we knuckle under to "La Mode" we should do well to make a thorough examination of, not conscience, but what personal charms we think we possess, and compel the capricious goddess to become our slave. I look back through the vista of horrors I have seen this dull season—colours agonisingly blended, limbs revealed that ought to have been concealed—and wonder why there are no professors of taste, or why Alexander Dumas' charming comments upon "La ligne" are not more widely read.

The weather transformed Henley into a moving mass of waterproofs. We all had new dresses, too flimsy to be worn, and the elegant production of my Parisian dressmaker was not brought to light upon that occasion. It was such a pretty frock too; quite a water nymph's dream; yet withal simple in its complexity. Let me describe it to compensate myself for the disappointment. Imagine a dainty housemaid's skirt of fine white muslin, covered with trailing creepers, and a tiny yellow and pink flower, an impossible Japanese blossom, that never existed in nature, but should have done had things been properly ordered. This was made over a foundation of pale rose silk. The skirt had five innocent little tucks, through which were run bébé ribbons, of moss green, and drooping rosettes of the same were placed at irregular distances from the first tuck to the last. The full bodice was crossed in front like a Marie Antoinette fichu, trimmed with lace and bébé ribbons, tied behind with long ends. There was also a most bewitching rustic straw hat, covered with moss, grasses, and the same ideal posies copied from my dress. If you want to have something *invented* for you, only Paris or a Parisienne can do it; and what a relief not to be garbed in the inevitable serge, with the choice of an Eton, a reefer, or, worse than all, the parody of a bull-fighter's jacket! One does so tire of shirts which, according to your size, give you the appearance of a prize pigeon, or an ironing-board.

The smartest dress on the river was certainly a cream flannel serge with a smoking jacket, lined and



turned back with black satin; double-breasted waistcoat of serge with small black satin buttons; and a plain skirt edged with three folds of black satin. But what I noticed most were the details of the dress: the folded silk kerchief that did duty for shirt and necktie was of soft cream silk, with black spots, just the right size. The umbrella and petticoat were of the same material, and the silk stockings matched these exactly. White Suède gloves with wide black stitching made a small hand appear smaller still. A sailor hat trimmed to match completed this charming toilette, which, though English in style, was a very fine specimen of what our tailors, when judiciously advised, can accomplish. But for poetry, taste, and fantaisie, Paris holds the sceptre. Next to Paris comes Vienna, where you can get the prettiest tailor-made dresses in Europe. Evening dresses are not quite so perfect; they are a little too rich and loud, not sufficiently *discreètes*. But still Paris and Vienna run each other very close.

It is whispered to me on the best authority that we are to have draped skirts and sloping shoulders this fall; but as yet we see little symptoms of these approaching calamities. New ideas filter very slowly into our London world, and I know of one too *fin de siècle* artiste who assures me she is always a year in advance of the fashion here. I spent a day corset hunting last week with my cousin, Lettice, who is quite a county belle, and invariably spends her year's allowance every three months, when she comes up to London. No deer-stalkers ever displayed more patience in the chase. At length we were rewarded and late for dinner; but no ill-temper on the part of our lords and masters could disturb the serene consciousness we felt in having at last found a corset, we could walk, sit, and squeeze in without the least difficulty or inconvenience. Madame assured us that we might lace as tightly as we liked where the ribs ended, but this requires a certain amount of study and practice. Lettice has kept the same size figure for years by measuring her waist carefully every morning, and if the tendency to go beyond twenty-two inches is at all marked, immediately diets herself. Certainly our corsets are things of beauty—all satin, lace, and perfume, so supple that you could slip them into your pocket—but they are fearfully expensive, like all valuables. I was most practical and chose a pair made of black satin with pink broché rosebuds. But Lettice could not resist pearl colour shot mauve with pale violets.

There was nothing striking at the races, but we got some new ideas at Lady M.'s ball; for instance, a fish scale bodice composed entirely of dull blue spangles, fastened in some invisible way over a jupe of sapphire blue satin lined with old rose, blue shoes, and old rose stockings. Another dress worthy of note was composed of embroidered Japanese rainbow crêpe, made in panels over salmon satin covered with old lace; ruchings of blue and pink chiffon formed the sleeves, and edged the skirt at intervals. Have you seen the new Marie Antoinette blouse? It is charming in tartan surah or in gauze lined with shot silk for evening wear. The Louis Seize and the Directoire are the coming fashions for autumn. Our hats and hairdressing will consequently undergo considerable modifications. Old paste buckles, buttons, and ornaments of every description are in great request. Opera cloaks are now perfumed by putting sachet powder into the quilted lining, the Parisian idea of adopting one favourite perfume for soap, powder, etc. etc., is gaining favour. The Mercury-winged bonnets are more *chic* than becoming. I much admired the ruby Ottoman-Russian pelisse, lined and turned over with tartan silk, which pretty Mlle. Calvé (of the Opera) wore last Sunday. A gold and jewelled belt, pointed in front, confined the fulness at the waist, and a brooch was worn on the revers as a flower might appear in a button-hole. The same day I lost my heart to a Parisian umbrella-handle of cherry-wood, surmounted with a silver crescent framing the moon's profile.

M.

## THE WEEK.

AN article in the current *Quarterly*, the authorship of which it would not be difficult to guess, claims the attention of all students of literature and lovers of truth. By "The Person of Shakespearian Criticism" the writer means THEOBALD, the hero of the first editions of the "Dunciad," and until the present day the butt of almost every critic and biographer of SHAKESPEARE and POPE. The editors of the "Cambridge Shakespeare" were the first to give him anything like due recognition; but it remained for the writer in the *Quarterly* to brush away the clouds of obloquy through which THEOBALD, to the general imagination, has been dimly apparent as a poor foolish pedant. The conclusion of this article, which is marked by much learning and research, ought to be quoted everywhere. "The proper monument of THEOBALD is not that cairn of dishonour which the sensitive vanity of POPE, the ignoble and impudent devices of WARBURTON to build his own reputation on the ruin of another's, the careless injustice of JOHNSON, the mean stratagems of MALONE, and the obsequious parrotry of tradition on the part of subsequent writers, have succeeded in accumulating. It is the text of SHAKESPEARE. It should be the gratitude of all to whom that text is of importance, the gratitude of civilised manhood." It is, perhaps, unfortunate that "careless injustice," "mean stratagems," and "the obsequious parrotry of tradition" should be described as having "accumulated a cairn"; but it should not lessen our gratitude to the *Quarterly* reviewer as well as to THEOBALD. The former has done yeoman's service to the memory of the latter; the latter, it is now as clear as noonday, was the "Old Mortality" of SHAKESPEARE.

ECONOMISTS have been sadly neglected by the amateur. In most other branches of science, and in all the spheres of art, the amateur, self-constituted umpire, has given all the professionals "out," and has provided a new scheme of the game for the benefit of those who have been practising it all their lives. The rôle of amateur has been a favourite one with the DUKE OF ARGYLL. Once a professional, always a professional, is a rule, the exception to which is to be found in the political arena. In the House of Lords, at any rate, although a Peer may have held office and been a regular debater—a "player" in fact—he has it in his option, as the DUKE OF ARGYLL's career proves, to retire into private life, become a "gentleman" and teach his former companions on occasional visits how to do it. In many 'ologies also the Duke is a famous "gentleman," and has rushed in where painstaking professionals tread gingerly; and now he is about to lay down the law on Economy—so long left, to the disgrace of amateurs, in the hands of mere "players." His "Unseen Foundations of Society" will be published by MR. MURRAY in the autumn, and "the fallacies and failure of economic science due to neglected elements" examined—to drop all metaphor—with the DUKE OF ARGYLL's undoubted if unswerving ability.

It is still the age of beef-extract. Our *esprit* must always be above proof, our hard facts must be boiled down to an essential paste, and MR. F. DARWIN'S "Life and Letters of Charles Darwin," and CANON SCOTT-HOLLAND'S "Life of Jenny Lind," must be abridged—MR. MURRAY announces the fact—to suit the popular appetite, jaded with all manner of tit-bits and selections.

THE Committee appointed to make arrangements for the celebration of the Tercentenary of the Foundation of Dublin University are to be congratulated on "The Book of Trinity College,

Dublin," which they have just brought out with MESSRS. MARCUS WARD & CO. It is a very handsome quarto, bound in green cloth with a vellum back, and admirably printed on glazed paper. The numerous illustrations are well executed, and twelve chapters by PROFESSOR MAHAFFY, SIR ROBERT BALL, and others give an amply detailed account of the University and its belongings. DR. SAVAGE-ARMSTRONG'S "Ode" is appended, with lists of subscribers.

To all who have wandered in "The Garden," MR. F. T. PIGGOTT dedicates his "Garden of Japan" (GEORGE ALLEN). It is a calendar of the flowers of that wonderful eastern land, which travellers of all nationalities prefer next after their own country. There are many illustrations, including four pictures by MR. ALFRED EAST. The book is one to please lovers of special editions.

THE new volume of "The Badminton Library," by MR. C. T. DENT, is a well-illustrated treatise on "Mountaineering." Among MR. DENT'S collaborators, are SIR FREDERICK POLLOCK, MR. JUSTICE WILLS, and MR. C. E. MATHEWS. The illustrations are by MR. H. G. WILLINCK and others.

WE have received the seventh volume of MR. LECKY'S "History of England" (LONGMANS), and the new issue of MR. MURRAY'S "University Extension Manuals," a treatise on "The Study of Animal Life," by MR. J. A. THOMSON. The success of this admirable series is evidently assured, as there are now two dozen volumes issued and more promised.

It will be remembered that some two centuries ago Western civilisation was greatly endangered by the threatening attitude of the then powerful Ottoman Empire, which included the wild hordes of the Crimean Tartars. But it is hardly known to many that it was the Dneper Cossaks who at that time permanently screened it from the destructive invasions of the barbarians. These Cossaks were a military community mainly of Oukrainian (or Little Russian) extraction, settled now on one, now on another, island of the great River Dneper, a community from which women were excluded under penalty of death, and of which the aim and *raison d'être* was a knightly, unrelenting warfare against "the infidels." These unsurpassed warriors who were so exquisitely described by GOGOL in his beautiful historical novel "Tarás Boułba" as the very personification of personal independence and contempt for death, have had until recently no proper historian. Now D. I. EVARNITZKY, Professor at the University of Odessa, has issued, after years of most scrupulous and assiduous work, "A History of the Dneper (or 'Zaporozhskîe') Cossaks"—a unique work, in the making of which every possible source of information has been drawn upon.

COMMERCIAL communities in Russia, Roumania, Greece, and the Balkan Peninsula, found out long ago that it is very inconvenient for business purposes to have a calendar which is twelve days behind that of other Christian countries, and they have repeatedly made efforts to induce their church authorities to give up the Julian Calendar and adopt the Gregorian, but hitherto without success. The initiative has now, however, been taken by the ARCHBISHOP OF SERBIA. As this prelate is well known to allow himself to be guided in all things by the counsels of the Holy Synod, it is believed that he would not have moved in the matter if he were not sure that his step would be backed by the Russian Church. As

It is housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY'S Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

the Roumanian Church has been long known to be decidedly in favour of the reform, and as the Church in the Kingdom of Greece is thoroughly convinced of its necessity, we may hope soon to see it carried out. It is noteworthy that the leading idea expressed in the letter of the ARCHBISHOP OF SERBIA to the Patriarch of Constantinople, is not to adopt the Gregorian Calendar, but to take the more correct basis of computation of time. The evident tendency is not so much to be scientifically more accurate, as to escape the necessity of accepting a calendar which is somehow considered as being of a specifically Roman Catholic character.

THE season now drawing to a close at the establishment formerly known as the "Royal Italian Opera," but which has lately received the shorter and less misleading title of "Royal Opera," has been chiefly remarkable for the almost complete disappearance from the bills of works belonging to the old Italian repertory. No opera by ROSSINI, DONIZETTI, or BELLINI has been given; while VERDI has been represented by one performance only of *Aida*, the most modern of all his works, with the single exception of *Otello*. The most successful works of a most successful season have been the bright and tuneful *Carmen* and the equally bright and tuneful *Cavalleria Rusticana*; both of them dramatic alike by subject and by treatment, and both of them melodious and singable from beginning to end. *L'Amico Fritz*, on the other hand, with its eminently undramatic theme, has failed to attract the public; and until the experiment is repeated next season it will be impossible to say precisely why the Wagnerian tetralogy has drawn large houses.

MR. JOHN R. WIGHAM has just published a pamphlet in which he draws attention to certain very remarkable complaints made by mariners—English, French, and American—to the effect that, while the electric light in use in lighthouses is in clear weather of blinding intensity, in a haze its illuminating power diminishes so rapidly as to fall far below that yielded by gas or oil. They add that the electric lights at times become actually invisible when the lights on equi-distant light-ships and those of sea-side towns are comparatively bright and distinct. MR. WIGHAM has obtained the permission of the Commissioners of Irish Lights to experiment at Howth Baily with an arrangement formed by a powerful gas-lamp and a specially constructed lens, which is calculated to give a beam of light of axial intensity equal to that of 2,400,000 candles.

DR. W. H. PERKIN, Junr., F.R.S., has just been appointed to the Professorship of Organic Chemistry at Owens College, rendered vacant by the recent death of PROFESSOR SCHORLEMMER. PROFESSOR PERKIN, who was for some time *Privat-Dozent* at Munich, has published an unusually large amount of work during the last few years, and has rapidly gained a considerable reputation. He inherits his scientific ability from his father, who is well known as the pioneer in those branches of organic chemistry which have led to the manufacture of colouring matters from coal-tar.

THE obituary of the week includes THOMAS COOPER, the octogenarian Chartist leader and poet; GENERAL THE HON. SIR A. E. HARDINGE, equerry to the Queen, an old Indian officer, and ex-Governor of Gibraltar; the Recorder of Cork, MR. T. P. HAMILTON, Q.C.; MR. C. E. STEPHENS, the composer; MR. THOMAS COOK, founder of the modern tourist system; "ROB ROY" MACGREGOR; SIGNOR ELLENA, ex-Minister of Finance in Italy; and two French Senators, MM. ALEXANDRE LAVALLEY and LÉON JOURNAULT.



## THE KAISER'S DIPLOMATISTS.

BERLIN, July 15th.

ONE may reasonably hope that the public wrangling between Caprivi and Bismarck is now at an end; at least, the former seems resolved to answer no more to the attacks which his predecessor directs against him under the cover of his lacqueys. And he is right; for undoubtedly he has had the best of the encounter. He has repelled in a dignified manner the personal calumnies directed against him, and has administered a crushing defeat to his adversary by publishing the two official despatches, which show that he is fully supported by the Emperor, and can afford to look calmly at the mere abuse which the Bismarck papers shower upon him. The ex-Chancellor on his part remains faithful to his old method of "Calumniare audacter." When his assertions are refuted, and he is convicted of gross historical errors, he takes no notice, but answers simply by repeating in another form what he has said before. He is careful, however, not to leave the anonymous disguise—although everyone knows that if the hands are Esau's, the voice is Jacob's—so that he can always disavow his hirelings if convenient. For just the same reason he will not come to the Reichstag, where his attacks would receive an unmistakable answer.

The incident has already had other consequences. Baron Sturmm, Ambassador at Madrid, has been invited to send in his resignation because he took an active part in Bismarck's intrigues against the Chancellor. It is pretty certain that Count Ranzan, Minister at the Hague—a diplomatist who never had any merit but that of being Bismarck's son-in-law—and Count Wilhelm Bismarck, Regierungs-president at Hanover, will retire also. Herr von Radowitz, Ambassador at Constantinople, is transferred to Madrid, which evidently involves a "capitis dominatio." It is said that the cause was a telegram by which he congratulated Bismarck on his success in Vienna; but I should be surprised if so wily a diplomatist should have committed himself so far with a fallen power. The real cause of his recall is that Radowitz, who married a Russian lady, said to have great influence over him, had become too intimate with his Russian colleague, M. de Nelidow, so that the Turks distrusted him. The French papers, therefore, which see in the appointment of this able man at Madrid a deep-laid plan of Germany for drawing Spain into the Triple Alliance, and for pushing Morocco against France, may be at ease. He is simply undergoing a disgrace by being transferred to a far less important post. It is more difficult to account for the choice of his successor at Constantinople, Prince Radolin, who, indeed, has been years ago secretary of legation at the Golden Horn, but had no independent post except that of Minister at Weimar, a family sinecure, and was afterwards always Court Marshal. It is not easy to see where in his career this Grand Seigneur can have acquired the necessary abilities for administering so important a post, the more so as Germany has a first-rate authority on Eastern questions in Dr. Busch, Minister at Stockholm, where his talent is buried.

There is another diplomatist who retires in dismay—M. de Schloeier, Minister at the Vatican: for, although he is seventy, no one believes that his health is the real cause; on the contrary, he is as fresh and hale as possible. He is recalled because the Emperor was dissatisfied with him. Schloeier came to Rome in February, 1882, with the agreeable task of making Bismarck's peace with the Curia after the Kulturkampf, and as he had to offer everything and to ask next to nothing, except personal questions, in which the Curia is always ready to yield, he was very welcome, and became *persona gratissima*. Schloeier, who is very partial to good cheer and pleasant talk, has all these years been intimate with the Monsignori, but he forgot that Germany had serious interests in what was going on in the Vatican. He

did not give his Government the slightest hint of the impending change of the Papal policy by siding openly with the French Republic out of hatred for Italy. Yet this is an event of the greatest importance. The re-establishment of the temporal power has always been the fixed idea of Leo XIII. Despairing of obtaining any support from Germany and Austria in what is the great object of his life, he has not only turned to France, but has identified himself with the Republic, and is resolved upon compelling the Monarchists and refractory bishops to submit. In his letter to the Bishop of Grenoble he treats the distinction in force of which Catholics pretend to maintain their liberty in political questions whilst obeying the Pope in doctrinal matters as a nugatory presumption, and thus places the German Catholics, who maintain this distinction, in a very awkward position. A foreseeing diplomatist would have directed the attention of his Government to this change, and would have suggested measures to counteract it. Schloeier did not foresee anything, still less had he any acceptable advice to offer. So his fate was sealed. It is quite conceivable that at his leave-taking the Pope expressed great sorrow that he should lose such an easy-going Minister; but there is little reason to extol his merit as some German papers, which evidently have no suspicion of what has been going on behind the curtain, have done. It is probable that the choice of his successor will not be made before the autumn.

## THE NEW VICTORIAN PARLIAMENT.

MELBOURNE, June 13th.

PARLIAMENT has adjourned after a short sitting of about four weeks, which has been rather fruitful of results, and perhaps unpleasantly noticeable. It is decided that the Shields Ministry is to have a fair trial; its railway policy has been endorsed, and the stock tax has been imposed, making Federation a very distant prospect. Beyond all this there has been a really remarkable contest for the Speakership; and with this I will deal first, as it was first in order and has some bearing on the workings of a democratic Assembly. There were three candidates for the vacant chair. The Government candidate was Mr. Duffy (a son of Sir Charles), who had resigned his portfolio that he might stand and that Sir Graham Berry might be admitted into the Cabinet. Mr. Duffy is a popular and genial gentleman, above the average as a speaker and an administrator, and with the legal training which is not without its use for the president of a popular Assembly. The Opposition candidate was Sir H. Wrixon, a leading member of the House, and one of its first orators, about whom one could only wonder that, as an official income is no object to him, he should choose to withdraw from active politics. The third candidate was Mr. Bent, whose career might be taken as an indictment against democracy. Twenty years ago the Conservatives, who found that it was impossible to run any educated man against Mr. Higinbotham, resorted to the tactics of the Athenian aristocrats in the *Knights*, and found their "sausage-seller" in Mr. Bent. He was returned by a motley combination, which included Conservative votes manufactured for the purpose, the Catholic votes manipulated by Sir John O'Shanassy, and the market-gardeners' vote, which was very strong in the district. Once in Parliament Mr. Bent soon made his mark. He has never made a good set speech: but he is the most effective of stone-wallers, vigorous in personalities, and admirable in log-rolling. When a Conservative Ministry came into office in 1880, Mr. Bent was made Minister of Public Works, and seriously aggravated the Unemployed difficulty by starting relief works on a most extravagant scale. When a Conservative coalition was formed in 1881 under Sir Brien O'Loughlin, Mr. Bent became Minister of Railways. The Railway Bill he introduced has been the source of all our

subsequent difficulties, as it was on so gigantic a scale that it debauched the popular imagination, and the servile Ministry had to adopt most of it. As an administrator Mr. Bent failed so conspicuously that the first thing the next Parliament did was to transfer the management of the railways to those Commissioners who have now come to grief in their turn. A Tasmanian paper, commenting upon the rival candidates, said, that if Sir H. Wrixon were elected he would add dignity to the office, that the office would enhance Mr. Duffy's position, and that even the office would not give dignity to Mr. Bent. Nevertheless, when the House met, Mr. Duffy was rejected without a division, Sir H. Wrixon was defeated by three, and Mr. Bent was then elected on the voices. There has been a general expression of disgust throughout the community at this result; and even the Conservative press has been ashamed to claim it as a victory. Everyone, however, who knew Parliament foresaw from the first that it was very probable Mr. Duffy got no real advantage from being the Government candidate beyond the votes of the Cabinet. Members regard the Speakership as an office outside of politics, and rather resented the idea that the resignation of a portfolio was to constitute a claim upon their own votes. Then, again, there was enough Orange feeling to make the chances of any Catholic doubtful. Sir H. Wrixon announced himself as a candidate so late that several of the Opposition were already pledged, and he would not have stood as well as he did if half the Ministry had not voted for him when Mr. Duffy was defeated. Mr. Bent had secured the second votes of more than half the House. He is personally popular, and Sir Bryan O'Loughlen had canvassed for him assiduously and skilfully. Still, if he had been voted for first or second Mr. Bent would have been heavily beaten. As it was, the small phalanx of his out-and-out supporters turned the scale against each of his rivals successively; and, unfortunately, so much bitterness had been engendered in the contest that several of Mr. Duffy's supporters who were not pledged to Mr. Bent voted for him in retaliation for Sir Henry Wrixon's refusal to submit his and Mr. Duffy's claims to arbitration at the last moment.

Incomparably more important in its bearings upon practical politics has been the settlement of our difficulty with the Railway Commissioners. Confident in its large majority, the Government proposed to dismiss these gentlemen without a hearing, and to compensate them at its own discretion. Sir H. Wrixon, in a very fine and effective speech, pointed out the flagrant injustice of such a course; and the House, which is habitually fair-minded, deserted the lead of the Ministry, and intimated unmistakably that the Commissioners ought to be accorded a trial. At the same time the Legislative Council voted to a man, with the exception of Ministers, for a Committee of Inquiry. The Government shrank—not quite unreasonably—from the complications which a formal trial might involve. If it were at the bar of the House, it was difficult to suppose that any conclusive result would be established; if it were before a joint Committee of the two Houses, the right of the Council to interfere would be admitted; and if it were before a Committee of one Assembly alone, the Council would be offended. Accordingly, after Sir Graham Berry had announced, in a speech marked with all his old ability, that the Ministry would consent to an examination at the bar of the House, the Commissioners were approached privately with the inquiry what they would take to resign peaceably. When the House met on Tuesday last, Mr. Shiels explained that a compromise had been effected; that the Government formally withdrew all their charges against the Commissioners, and that these gentlemen had resigned on the condition of receiving a retiring allowance equal to half the salaries they would have received during their unexpired terms of office. Mr. Speight is further to receive a sum of £750 for his return passage to England. Parliament has accepted this compromise with alacrity. I confess to thinking it

a very lame termination of a very unfortunate contest. Having followed the discussions minutely, I cannot perceive that anything is proved against Mr. Speight, except that some refrigerating depôts which he constructed have been a failure, and that he has neglected to make his subordinate employés properly civil. The other counts against him—the initiation of railway lines that cannot pay, extravagance in construction, and an improper cutting down of freights—are all matters for which he is not fairly responsible. The country members are the real gainers in forcing bad lines through Parliament and ruinously low freight fares upon the department; and the railway engineers have been the offenders in costly construction. On the other hand, I cannot forget that before Mr. Speight took office there was nothing but anarchy in our railway system; half-a-dozen heads issuing contradictory orders, and the employés obeying or disobeying as they chose. The rolling-stock was grossly inadequate, and the permanent way positively dangerous in parts. Mr. Speight leaves order and efficiency behind him, has been very popular with his employés, and is likely to receive a handsome testimonial from the business men of Melbourne. The attempts at economy that have been made since he left office have only ended in loss. Therefore, though I myself believe that he was over-sanguine, and though I am prepared to suppose that the Government had some unknown but real grounds for blaming his management, I cannot but think it unfortunate that we are buying out a gentleman whom we ought either to dismiss in disgrace or to retain and keep for good work. The immediate result of Tuesday's vote is that we are returning to political management, which was nowhere more corrupt and inefficient than in the railways. An undesigned result of this and several similar cases will, I fear, be that we shall find it extremely difficult to import an expert in any line. This, however, will not be an ungrateful prospect in a Protectionist community.

It is currently anticipated that the Government will follow up their victory over the Railway Commissioners by abolishing the Public Service Board. This was created at the same time as the Railway Commissioners Board, but with a slightly different object. In transferring the railways to experts, the intention was to substitute commercial for political management; in creating the Public Service Board, the real object, I think, was to make the Civil Servants independent of political concern, and to put them beyond the reach of dismissals such as those of our historical "Black Wednesday." Liberals adopted the scheme, with many misgivings, in order that they might destroy political patronage. After more than seven years of trial the new system has broken down in every possible way. Political patronage has indeed been done away with, but not more effectually than it would have been if the law had provided simply for giving all appointments by examination and all promotion by seniority. On the other hand, the authority of departmental heads has been paralysed, as they can only punish in trifling cases, and cannot reward at all except by the Board's permission. Seniority has been made the law of promotion, to the practical exclusion of merit. The Minister and his departmental advisers have accordingly to be responsible for the good working of men over whom they have no effectual control; and the only vestige of old authority that they retain is the power to create new and, it may be, unnecessary officials. As this is closely connected with public policy, the Board rarely interferes with it. Personally, I am convinced that the Board has been thoroughly honest in its nominations; but it has balanced rival claims in such a complicated way that the public at large is unable to understand the principles and believes jobbery to be almost as rife as ever. The Civil Service, in which nine members out of ten favour independence of the Departmental Chief, and promotion by seniority, is still very much in favour of the Public Service Board. The



community at large is against it; and as Parliament never cordially liked it, the chances are that the present Session will see it transformed into something innocuous. What is at the bottom of these changes is the belief that Parliament has no right to delegate the administrative functions habitually performed by Ministers to close corporations that are practically independent of Parliament.

### DERELICT.

HE was very drunk; and because of that Victoria Dowling, barmaid at O'Fallen's, was angry—not at him but at O'Fallen, who had given him the liquor.

She knew more about him than anyone else. The first time she saw him he was not sober. She had left the bar-room empty. When she came back he was there with others who had dropped in, evidently attracted by his unusual appearance—he wore an eye-glass. As Vic entered, Dicky Merritt, slapping him on the shoulder, asked him to have a swizzle. At that he drew off with a very remarkable and amusing gravity, adjusted his eye-glass to a pensive, staring eye, and said: "I—I—beg pardon, but have I been intr'juiced to you?"

Dicky Merritt had a ripe sense of humour, and he was the first to grin. It was followed by many others on other faces, and these loud grins went out where the dust lay a foot thick and soft like precipitated velvet, and hurrying over the street, waked the Postmaster and roused the Little Milliner, who immediately came to their doors. Catching sight of each other, they nodded, and blushed, and nodded again, and then the Postmaster, neglecting the business of the country, went upon his own business into the private sitting-room of the Little Milliner: for those wandering grins from O'Fallen's had done the work appointed for them by the gods.

But over in the bar-room the man with the eye-glass was being frankly "intr'juiced" to Dicky Merritt and Company, Limited, by Victoria Dowling, who, as hostess of this salon, was, in his eyes, on a footing of acquaintance. To her he raised his hat with accentuated form, and murmured his name—"Mr. Jones—Mr. Jones!" And forthwith, that there might be no possible unpleasantness,—for even such hostesses have their duties of tact—she introduced him as Mr. Jones.

He was a man of innumerable occupations, nothing long: caretaker of tanks, rabbit-trapper, boundary-rider, cook at a shearers' camp, bookkeeper at O'Fallen's. But he was bookkeeper longest; and that was due to Vic. Mr. Jones wrote a very fine hand—not in the least like a business man—when he was moderately sober, and he also had an exceedingly caustic wit, when he chose to use it. He used it once upon O'Fallen, who was a rough, mannerless creature with a good enough heart, but easily irritated by the man with the eye-glass, whose superior intellect and manner, even when drunk, were too noticeable. He would never have employed him were it not for Vic, who was worth very much money to him in the course of the year. She was the most important person within a radius of a hundred and fifty miles, not excepting Rembrandt, the owner of Bomba Station (which was twenty miles square), nor the parson at Magari, ninety miles south, by the Ring-Tail Billabong. For, both Rembrandt and the parson had, and showed, a respect for her, which had appeared startling were it shown in Leicester Square or the Strand.

When, therefore, O'Fallen came raging into the bar-room one morning with the gentle remark that "he'd roast the tongue of her fancy gent if he didn't get up and pack," he did a foolish thing. It was the first time that he had insulted her, and it was the last. She came out white and quiet from behind the bar-counter, and, as he retreated from her into a corner, said: "There is not a man who drinks

over this bar, or puts his horse into your shed, who wouldn't give you the lie in that—you coward!" Her words came on low and steady: "He will go now, of course, but I shall go also."

This awed O'Fallen. To lose Vic was to lose the reputation of his house. He instantly repented, but she turned her shoulder on him, and went into the little, hot office where the book-keeper was, leaving him gesticulating as he swore at himself in the glass behind the bar. When she entered the room she found Mr. Jones sitting rigid on his stool, looking at the open ledger before him. She spoke his name. He nodded ever so slightly, but still looked hard at the book. She knew his history. Once he had told it to her. It happened one day when he had resigned his position as boundary-rider, in which he was practically useless. He had been drinking, and as he felt for the string of his eye-glass, his fingers caught another thin black cord which protruded slightly from his vest. He drew it out by mistake, and a small gold cross shone for a moment against the faded black coat. His fingers felt for it to lift it to his eye, but, as they caught it, dropped it suddenly, and he turned pale for a minute, then caught it as suddenly again and thrust it into his breast. But Vic had seen, and she had very calm, intelligent eyes, and a vast deal of common sense, though she had only come from the Jumping Sandhills. She kept her eyes on him kindly, knowing that he would speak in time. They were alone, for most of the people of Wadgery were away at a picnic. There is always one moment when a man who has a secret, good or bad, fatal or otherwise, feels that he must tell it or die. And Mr. Jones told Vic, and she said what she could, though she knew that a grasp of her firm hands was better than any words; and she was equally sure in her own mind that word and grasp would be of no avail in the end.

She saw that the beginning of the end had come as she looked at him staring at the ledger; yet exactly why she could not tell. She knew that he had been making a fight since he had been book-keeper, and that now he felt he had lost. She guessed also that he had heard what O'Fallen said to her, and what she had replied.

"You ought not to have offended him," she tried to say severely.

"It had to come," he said with a dry, crackling laugh, and he fastened his eye-glass in his eye. "I wasn't made for this. I could only do one thing, and——" He laughed that peculiar laugh again, got down from the stool, and held out his hand to her.

"What do you intend?" she said.

"I'm going, of course. Good-bye!"

"But not at once?" she said very kindly.

"Perhaps not just at once," he answered with a strange smile.

She did not know what to say or do; there are puzzling moments even for a wise woman, and there is nothing wiser than that.

He turned at the door. "God bless you!" he said, and then, as if caught in an act to be atoned for, he hurried out into the street. From the door she watched him till the curtains of dust rose up about him and hid him from sight. When he came back to Wadgery months after he was a terrible wreck; so much so that Vic could hardly look at him at first; and she wished that she had left O'Fallen's as she threatened, and so need not furnish any man swizzles. She knew he would never pull himself together now. It was very weak of him, and horrible, but then . . . ! When that thirst gets into the blood, and there's something behind the man's life too—as Dicky Merritt said, "It's a case for the little black angels."

Vic would not give him liquor. He got it, however, from other sources. He was too far gone to feel any shame now. His sensibilities were all blunted. One day he babbled over the bar-counter to O'Fallen, desiring greatly that they should be reconciled. To that end he put down the last shilling he

had for a swizzle, and was so outrageously offended when O'Fallen refused to take it, that the silver was immediately swept into the till; and very soon, with his eye-glass to his eye, Mr. Jones was drunk.

And that was the occasion mentioned in the first sentence of this history, when Vic was very angry. He half rose, and ostentatiously raised his battered hat to her, but fell back, and sat and stared at her with a ludicrous solemnity.

The bar-room was full. Men were wondering why it was that the Postmaster and the Little Milliner, who went ten days before to Magari, to get married by the parson there, had not returned. While they talked and speculated, the weekly coach from Magari came up slowly to the door, and, strange to say, without a blast from the driver's horn. Dicky Merritt and Company rushed out to ask news of the two truants, and were met with a warning wave of the driver's hand, and a "sh-h! sh-h!" as he motioned towards the inside of the coach. There they found the two, mere skeletons, and just alive. They were being cared for by a bushman, who had found them in the plains delirious and nearly naked. They had got lost, there being no regular road over the plains, and their horse, which they had not tethered properly, had wandered away. They had been days without food and water when they were found near the coach-track.

They were carried into O'Fallen's big sitting-room. Dicky brought the doctor, who said that they both would die, and soon. Hours passed. The sufferers at last became sane and conscious, as though they couldn't go without something being done. The Postmaster lifted a hand to his pocket. Dicky Merritt took out of it a paper. It was the marriage licence. The Little Milliner's eyes were very painful to see; she was not dying happy. The Postmaster, too, moved his head from side to side in trouble. He reached over and took her hand. She drew it back, shuddering a little. "The ring! The ring!" she whispered.

"It is lost," he said.

Vic, who was at the woman's head, understood. She stooped, said something in her ear, then in that of the Postmaster, and left the room. When she came back, two minutes later, Mr. Jones was with her. What she had done to him to sober him no one ever knew. But he had a book in his hand, and on the dingy black of his vest there shone a little gold cross. He came to where the two lay. The girl Vic drew from her finger a ring. What then occurred was never forgotten by any who saw it; and you could feel the stillness, it was so great, after a high, sing-song voice said: "*Those whom God hath joined let no man put asunder.*"

The two lying cheek by cheek knew now that they could die in peace.

The sing-song voice rose again in the ceremony of blessing, but suddenly it quavered and broke, the man rose, dropping the prayer-book to the floor, and ran quickly out of the room and into the dust of the street, and on, on into the plains.

"In the name o' God, who is he?" said Dicky Merritt to Victoria Dowling.

"He was the Reverend Jones Clive Ashcliffe, of Harford-on-Thames," was her reply.

"Once a priest, always a priest," added Dicky.

"He'll never come back," said the girl.

And she was right.

GILBERT PARKER.

#### LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

"THIS DO."

SIR,—In your kindly notice of a small book of mine, entitled "This Do," you speak of me as a Mansfield man and a pupil of Dr. Fairbairn's. I can only say, *O si fuisssem!* Unfortunately for me, in my Oxford days Mansfield was not in existence, and Dr. Fairbairn was still a Northern Light known only from a distance. The matter is, of course, immaterial, but I feel that it would not be honest to sail under colours which are

conspicuous already and destined some day, I think, to be brilliant and famous.—Yours obediently,  
New College, Oxford, July 18th, 1892. R. F. HORTON.

#### A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE SPEAKER OFFICE,

Friday, July 22nd, 1892.

HOW far should excellence in literary style affect the reputation of an historian? Can supreme art in the skilful weaving of a narrative compensate for want of care in working out the true sequence of events? May the writer, whose one aim is to be popular, and who deliberately lays himself out to tickle the ears of the multitude, without attempting to master his subject or to discount his own prejudices, be accounted an historian, as much as the diligent student who labours unweariedly to collect, examine, and appreciate all the evidence bearing on the period he is engaged in investigating?

In the England of the present day the answer to the last of these questions must be answered in the affirmative. History is still regarded as a branch of literature and not as a science. To be dull or uninteresting is more fatal to the reputation of an historical writer than to be prejudiced or inaccurate. The average critic, from the paucity of his own knowledge, judges a new historical work by its literary style and not by its accuracy or its research. And the English historical writer, knowing that this is the attitude of the mass of his readers and of their guides, too often plays down to them. He takes pains to present the result of his investigations in as interesting a style as he can; he wraps up the pill of truth in sugared language; he endeavours to strike the imagination by bizarre epithets and weird titles; and he tries to charm his audience by his own eloquence and skill instead of letting his record of events speak for itself. In short, his aim is—to make use of two much-abused terms—to be subjective and not objective.

The subjective historian has but one idea in his mind—to impress what he is pleased to call his personality upon his narration of events. That bane of all true students who wish to communicate the result of their researches to the world, the general reader, is ever before his eyes. He writes himself down to the level of the ignoramus instead of appealing to those who are fitted by study or inclination to understand the meaning of his labours. His desire is to have a style which may be recognised by its eccentricities or its peculiarities. He wishes his readers to understand his view of events and their causes, and to interest themselves in his ideas. The objective historian, on the other hand, sinks his own personality in his work; his aim is to relate the result of his investigations in such a way that the interest may appear in the facts he narrates and collates, and not in the fashion in which he describes them. The greatest compliment that can be paid to him is when a thoughtful reader from his narration of facts comes to conclusions, as to their causes or sequence, differing from his own.

The writing of history in England is, in fact, at present in a hybrid condition between literature and science. The writer on natural science is not obliged to be a skilled *littérateur*. His reputation does not depend on the style in which he presents his conclusions. No critic dreams of blaming him for ill-turned sentences or involved paragraphs. He is judged by his scientific labours, not by his literary ability. Why should it be otherwise with historians? The qualities demanded for the study of history are identical with those necessary for the study of natural science. Minutely careful research, the



power of weighing evidence and drawing inferences, a judicial attitude, unremitting labour and skill in constructing the story of the past from the relics which have descended to the present, are the main requisites for a real historian. These are distinctly scientific qualifications. The points which go to make the great man of letters—taste, imagination, a fine feeling for the meaning of words, and unerring judgment in the construction of sentences—may be useful to the historian, but are not indispensable.

History is ranked too often as a department of *belles-lettres*, not of science, and this misconception fundamentally affects its position and prevents it from obtaining the recruits it needs to make it take its place in England on the level it has attained on the Continent. History is judged in England on the same basis as fiction. The test question by which a new historical work is tried is "Is it interesting?"—not "Is it correct? is it a work of research and judgment?" This attitude is partly due to the vast popularity of the historical novel. A generation brought up on Walter Scott, and taking its historical knowledge largely from his novels, naturally demanded that its history should be purveyed in an interesting manner, and this view of history has been perpetuated. Hence the continual recrudescence of the historical novel, which, since the days of Sir Walter, has, with the exception of "Esmond," generally been both poor history and poor fiction. The new Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford has attempted both styles, and the only pity is that he did not boldly avow himself a novelist from the first instead of masquerading as a serious historian. But the writing of historical fiction has ere now been accounted good qualification for the filling of a university chair of history. Was not Canon Kingsley made Regius Professor of Modern History at Cambridge because he had written "Westward Ho!"?

Of course there are grand exceptions to prove the rule. Nobody can say that Bishop Stubbs, the late Professor Freeman, or Mr. S. R. Gardiner, have bowed the knee to the general reader or sacrificed their convictions of historical truth to make their works interesting. But where are their successors? Who among younger writers of history has the courage to resist the fear of being called dull and the consequent depreciation of his wares in the eyes of the publisher? Who among them studies or writes history because his nature has gifted him with the essential qualifications of an historian? Do not most of them look upon such work as an agreeable pastime, an easy mode of self-advertisement, in which a reputation is more easily to be won than in the field of pure fiction?

Writers of popular history must always exist—persons gifted with a certain fluency who can interpret to the general public, in the language which suits it, the conclusions at which professional historians have arrived by assiduous study and research. These most useful popularisers will always have their function reserved for them; they may often, from natural incapacity, interpret wrongly, but they are necessary, and generally strive to be up to date, in spite of the existence of early perverted imaginations. It is here that the historical novelist finds his proper place, and he will go on and prosper, in spite of his being as a rule irritatingly out of date in his historical knowledge. But where is the next generation of historians from whom the writer of popular history and of historical fiction is to borrow to come from? This is a question of some moment, and one which awaits an answer. If an historian cannot be read unless he is interesting, and style is to be preferred to accuracy, where will the study of history in England end? Must it continue to remain in its present quagmire?

Finally, it is a curious anomaly that, while it is imperatively demanded that historians must be interesting, *coûte que coûte*, it seems to be generally acknowledged that history books for the use of schools must necessarily be dull. Nothing can be more dreary than the usual school histories. Their supernatural dullness and absolute want of interest is enough to deter any boy or girl from taking any interest in history for the remainder of his or her life. The natural order of things is inverted. The child is given his history as dull as possible, while the grown-up person must have his lightened with epigrams and enlivened by graces of style. Surely it is time that critics might bear in mind two truths which must inevitably come to the front—that history to be good must be scientific, and bear its interest in its substance, not its style; while history school-books should combine an easy and interesting manner with accuracy. If only literary critics would alter their canons in this respect much might be done to revive the study of history in England, and to bring it up to the rank it holds on the Continent.

H. M. S.

## REVIEWS.

### IMPERIAL FEDERATION.

THE PROBLEM OF NATIONAL UNITY. By George R. Parkin, M.A.  
London: Macmillan & Co.

THE special merit of this book lies in its clear and resolute treatment of the British possessions as one great Empire which is destined not to fall asunder and split off into minor sovereignties, but to close up and become more firmly consolidated. It lays down as a principle of our future policy the doctrine of unity in diversity, and argues that a scattered territory need not be a source of weakness, but, on the contrary, of strength. It points out that for the purposes of commerce, the lifeblood of our nation, and of naval preponderance, whereby our commerce is protected, great advantages are to be derived from a vast dominion in all the seas and in the four quarters of the globe; and it contrasts the superiority of such a position with that of the compact and comparatively land-locked nationalities which are our neighbours and chief rivals. It enlarges, in short, on the stress and import of the word Imperial, and insists that the general tendency of large political bodies in these latter days is necessarily towards Federal organisation.

What are the main objects of the proposed Federation? They are primarily the defence of territory, and secondly of commerce. At present the Mother Country undertakes the whole duty of war and diplomacy on behalf of the whole Empire, receiving contributions of money that are almost insignificant. While the net expenditure (1890) incurred by the United Kingdom in the naval estimates is £14,215,100, the whole contribution of the colonies and dependencies for that purpose amounts to only £381,546, of which India alone provides £254,776. Yet the revenues of the colonies and dependencies, compared with the revenue of the United Kingdom, are as £105,000,000 to £89,000,000; while the whole commerce of the British Empire annually afloat is valued at £1,200,000,000. The English race "doth bestride the narrow world like a Colossus;" but the leviathan is a huge unwieldy monster; the political fabric is built on no plan, is wanting in cohesion, and exposed to many dangers. Military and naval combination would secure these immense interests; but co-operation for such purposes involves a common foreign policy and joint expenditure; and thus we are led "directly and inevitably to some form of common representation." Here begin, of course, the real difficulties of the problem; difficulties of policy abroad, of proportionate representation at home, of the distribution of jurisdiction between the central and local authorities; and, above all, difficulties connected with

finance and the reconciliation of Protective with Free Trade systems. Two great systems of fiscal policy divide the English-speaking race. The United States prosper by a *régime* of protection against foreign goods; the United Kingdom flourishes by keeping her ports open to all the world. In the opinion of our author, Imperial Federation should be based upon the principle of establishing a moderate protective fence around all the federal countries of the British dominion, leaving the exchange of produce free inside.

We confess to entertaining great doubt whether it would be possible to invent any such commercial system that would satisfactorily adjust and reconcile the jarring views and interests of the Mother Country and her dependencies. But as we do not hold that a settlement of uniform fiscal relations is an absolutely necessary preliminary to the accomplishment of a defensive union, we may set aside this question as secondary; and we can then award to Mr. Parkin high praise for an energetic exposition of his main argument in favour of united defence. We may particularly commend his vigorous denunciation of the old timid fatalistic theory that the tendency and natural predestination of the British dominions are towards disunion. The idea that our colonies, and even India, will eventually part company with England, and that true statesmanship lies not in endeavouring to strengthen the bonds, but in relaxing them judiciously until they drop off altogether, has taken far too much hold of the commonplace British mind. It was originally engendered, without doubt, by our loss of the American colonies in the last century, and by the somewhat impotent optimism with which we have ever since been professing to believe that this loss was a gain on both sides of the Atlantic. "The idea that the separation of the United States from Great Britain was a pure gain to either country or to the world may (he says) be distinctly challenged." No part of Mr. Parkin's book is more valuable than that where he disputes this superficial and highly contestable assumption. The colonies that left us formed the nucleus of the United States; those that elected to remain with us formed the nucleus of Canada; and a comparison of the existing state and prospects of the two countries, of their moral and social condition, brings out results by no means exclusively favourable to the American republic. The experiment of separation has not been so remarkably successful as to place Canada under a very strong temptation to follow that example; nor has justice ever been done, except in one most eloquent and heart-stirring page of Mr. Lecky's History (quoted by Mr. Parkin, p. 129), to the fortitude and patriotism of the Loyalists who founded Canada as the Revolutionists founded the United States.

Although the book appears to be written mainly from a Canadian point of view, it handles also with much ability the question of Federation as it concerns all the other large colonial groups, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa. The subject of India, which presents exceptional and abnormal difficulties, is touched upon principally in order to bring out the great importance, not only to England, but to Australasia and our colonies generally, of retaining, possibly under some partially representative government, our ascendancy over the trade and territory of that rich and fertile country. Mr. Parkin's plans and propositions for working out a great scheme of national consolidation cannot here be examined at length, nor, indeed, does he attempt to lay out details, his object being to show that if Federation be accepted as the idea and ultimate aim of all our aspirations, the ways and means will soon be discovered by determined and unanimous exertion. Many of his observations are exceedingly concise and suggestive; as when, in comparing the British Empire with the United States, he says that "instead of continental compactness she (Britain) has world-wide diffusion," or when he remarks that Mr. Carnegie "is like many of his fellow citizens in

America, out of whom life on a broad continent appears to have driven the maritime instinct." His reply to Mr. Goldwin Smith's argument in favour of Canadian separation is very spirited, patriotic, and effective. On the whole the book is well qualified to stimulate thought and promote serious discussion of the vital issue whether our political development is to be avowedly towards dissociation and independent reconstruction, or towards some higher and more comprehensive organisation of a United Empire, which is to control the waterways of the world.

### BIMETALLISM EXPOSED.

THE CASE AGAINST BIMETALLISM. By Robert Giffen. London: George Bell & Sons.

THIS volume consists of a number of papers contributed at different times since 1879 by Mr. Giffen to various daily, weekly, and monthly journals in exposure of the fallacies of the bimetallist argument. The papers most effectually attain the object aimed at by their author, and in so doing they set out clearly and forcibly the true theory of money. In the earlier essays, Mr. Giffen is more desirous of impressing upon his readers that bimetallism would be mischievous in practice if it could be carried out than in proving its impracticability in fact. In the later essays, however, he shows the latter to be the case very clearly. Bimetallists are in principle Inflationists and Protectionists. They hold that to increase the amount of money in circulation would be advantageous because it would raise prices, and they desire likewise to enhance the value of silver—in other words, to give protection to a special industry. The sober part of the business community all over the world is opposed to their doctrines on both grounds. It knows that inflation always stimulates wild speculation, and that that sooner or later ends in panic and disaster. And they know likewise that Protection is injurious to the great majority of consumers. Therefore, it is in the highest degree improbable that the Governments of the leading countries of the world will ever be induced to adopt a system which is opposed to the principles and the interests of the sober portion of the community. But if we were to suppose that by some strange vagary the leading Governments were induced to adopt bimetallism, it is as certain as anything can be which has not yet happened that alarm would be spread throughout the business communities of the world. One of the objects being to give an artificial value to depreciated money, nobody would care to be repaid in that depreciated money, and therefore everyone to whom debts were due would press for repayment before the bimetallic system came into force. As every creditor would be pressing for payment, and no one would be willing to lend, there must inevitably be a panic that would lead to a crash greater than the world has ever yet witnessed.

The bimetallists reply to this that capitalists would have no motive for calling in their debts, for if all the Governments of the world declared that a certain weight of silver was equal in value to a certain weight of gold, then it would be immaterial whether creditors were paid in silver or paid in gold. The first reply to this is that even if Governments could make the declaration operative it would not have the effect expected. Every country as it grows in wealth finds gold more useful than silver for certain purposes, and so silver tends to become merely small change, while gold tends to become the standard of value—at all events, in all large transactions. In this country, for example, silver was the standard of value last century, but gold nevertheless came to be so much preferred that at the end of the great Napoleonic wars gold was adopted as the single standard of value. Everybody knows that Germany took advantage of the French indemnity in 1871 to follow the example set by England half a



century before. And, perhaps, the most striking illustration is afforded just now by India, where although silver is the single standard, gold is imported from Europe at an average rate of about four millions sterling every year. The operations of business, then, are not regulated, and, in the nature of things, cannot be regulated by Government rules, and all Government action must therefore fail if it tries to override the convenience and the customs of the commercial communities of the world.

Even, however, if we were to assume that the leading Governments of the world could be induced to adopt bimetallism, and could find some means of preventing the commercial community from being alarmed, it would still be certain that the business community would stipulate for payment in gold. During the past three or four years the Argentine Government did everything in its power to put a stop to gold contracts. It alleged that merchants and bankers caused a depreciation of the paper currency by entering into those gold contracts, and it went so far as to declare them illegal. The Government, however, was forced to recede from its position, and gold contracts have continued to be made to the present day. The Government of the United States is more constitutional and more regardful of the liberty of the people. It never has attempted to prevent gold contracts; but Congress has decreed that silver is legal tender equally with gold, and that with it all debts, public and private, can be discharged. Yet almost all loans for long periods are made on the express condition that repayment is to be in gold. It is perfectly certain that the same thing would happen even if bimetallism were to be universally adopted. As already observed, the bimetallists contend that capitalists would have no motive for entering into gold contracts if universal bimetallism existed. We would observe, however, that their motives, on the contrary, would be very strong. To instance only one. At the present time one ounce of gold is worth about twenty-three ounces of silver. If that ratio were to be adopted a great capitalist in Europe, let us say, having to remit a large sum of money to New York, would have to send—if he chose—silver twenty-three times the weight and bulk of the gold which would fulfil his contract. Is it likely that anyone would pay for the transport of so bulky and weighty a substance while a preferable and much lighter means of payment was available? Again, all the great Governments on the Continent are accumulating immense war treasures in gold. Is it reasonable to suppose, that if they adopted bimetallism they would cease to hoard gold and take silver instead. As a single illustration we may mention that the Imperial Bank of Russia has actually in gold at the present time not less than fifty millions sterling, and possibly as much as seventy millions. It is not possible to state the exact sum, because one part of it is in both gold and silver, and we are not told how much is in the one and how much is in the other. And the Russian Government has standing to its credit abroad about twenty millions sterling more. The gold is not money in the proper sense. The real money of Russia consists of bank notes, and the bank notes cannot be cashed on presentation. There is no means, therefore, of getting the gold out of the bank except when Government itself chooses. The gold, in plain language, is a war chest. It is kept intact even now when the Empire is suffering from famine, the Government preferring to borrow rather than touch a penny of its hoard. Is it in the least likely, we would ask, that the Russian Government could be induced by any bimetallic agreement whatsoever to pay out a penny of this gold or to miss a single opportunity for adding to its amount?

The truth is that the bimetallists are hopelessly wrong in all their theories, and that they are especially wrong in supposing that the value of whatever constitutes the money of a particular country or of the world at large is determined by the amount of that metal which is used as money. The

value of the metal is determined in precisely the same way as is the value of every other article of merchandise. It is not the amount which is actually being used that determines the value, but the amount which is required in addition, and that again is measured by the cost of producing this additional amount. As Mr. Giffen points out, money discharges at least three different functions. As we illustrated above, it is laid by as a hoard not only by Governments but by individuals also. While it is so laid by it is not money in any strict sense of the word; it is simply a store that is kept in reserve against emergencies foreseen at some future date. Secondly, it is used in the ordinary retail business of life, in paying wages and the like. In that way again it does not fix prices. Gold when used in paying wages, or in paying the cost of domestic consumption, is simply, like silver, a kind of small change. Lastly, money is used as a reserve in banks, and it is in that form that it really has an influence upon prices. If the bimetallists would but study the science of money, they would see that it is neither the legal tender character nor the coinage which determines the amount of money in circulation. It is partly the general laws and partly the habits of the community. For example, our law forbids the Bank of England to issue any note of a smaller denomination than £5. But £5 is manifestly too big a sum for paying wages. Roughly, it may be said to be four or five times the average weekly wage of the ordinary working man. Our law, therefore, in fact, forbids notes to be used either for paying wages or for the ordinary retail dealings of the working classes, and consequently it compels a very large amount of gold to be used in England—an amount, in fact, which is altogether disproportionate to the amount used in Scotland and Ireland. On the other hand, the use of cheques is so general in England that gold is little used, except in very small amounts, by the well-to-do classes, whereas in France the use of cheques is by no means general; gold consequently is much more used in France than in England by the ordinary population. It is quite possible, then, it will be seen, that, assuming bimetallism could be adopted and did not alarm the whole business community, a single shilling's worth more of silver might not be used than is at present.

#### DAVOS AND THE DAVOSERS.

OUR LIFE IN THE SWISS HIGHLANDS. By John Addington Symonds and his daughter Margaret. London: A. & C. Black.

It is long since Mr. Addington Symonds became the recognised chronicler of Davos, beginning with the essay which, printed fourteen years ago in the *Fortnightly Review*, first gave the place an English reputation, and which is now fitly revived to open the present volume. Since then Davos has gained a more than valetudinarian fame by his continued residence in its midst. He has gone on dating from there successive volumes, of a notable scholarly accomplishment, until Davos, indeed, has often been more in evidence in the English literary calendar than Bloomsbury with all its bookworms. And now, in this various account of the place itself, brought down as late as the February of the present year, and extending back to its first beginnings as a health-resort, the reader may learn more fully how this quondam invalid man of letters should produce his books with such an apparent energy and exuberance of health.

Mr. Symonds first settled at Davos in the August of 1877. This was twelve years after the first practical and public discovery of its value by Dr. Spengler and Dr. Unger, the latter of whom was himself cured there, though far gone in consumption when he tried it. The fame of his cure, and others like it, gave the place a vogue among Germans; it remained for Mr. Symonds, as we have seen, to give it its English report, with results which have threatened latterly to prove a little disturbing, since the growing invasion has led at times to something like overcrowding

in Davos-Platz itself. Mr. Symonds, to evade this gradual encroachment, has had to move his own house higher up the valley more than once. Books, we suppose, were never written at such an altitude before—seeing that the village of Davos-Platz is some 5,200 feet above the sea, and that this particular house stands still higher. If there is as much in surroundings as M. Taine would have us believe, we shall not be wrong in attributing something of the airy brilliancy and sparkle of Mr. Symonds' style to the lofty circumstance of his life there. This style was never exhibited to more delightful advantage than in these stray papers about that life; and Miss Margaret Symonds shows a touch of the same quality—writing, too, as in one description of catching a marmot especially, with a girlish buoyancy and a gay spirit of youthful adventure, which may yet serve to mark her out among our younger writers.

To return, however, for a moment to the ways and means of the mountain-cure at Davos. What could be more pleasant, compared especially with certain other modes of treatment, than the account given of it in the essay on "Davos in Winter"? After an examination of the ordinary kind, says Mr. Symonds, "your physician tells you to give up medicines, and to sit, warmly clothed, in the sun as long as it is shining, to eat as much as possible, to drink a fair quantity of Valtelline wine, and not to take any exercise. . . . Then, little by little, he allows you first to walk; at first upon the level, next uphill, until the walks begin to occupy from four to five hours. The one thing relied upon is air. To inhale the maximum quantity of the pure mountain air and to imbibe the maximum quantity of the keen mountain sunlight is the *sine quâ non*." This sounds almost too simple, but its efficacy has stood the test of many difficult cases beside our author's. On the other hand, Davos as a place of continual residence has its obvious disadvantages. In spite of the vivifying Alpine air, and the delights of sledging and skating and other mountain diversions, which Mr. Symonds sketches so glowingly, life there, on his own confession, is often very monotonous in winter-time. He attempts on occasion, indeed, a deliberate counterblast to his own enthusiasm. "Though my own experience is that one suffers less *ennui* in the bracing monotony of the high Alps than in the more enervating but attractive climates of the South, yet there is no doubt that the cheerful spirits so important to recovery from illness are severely tried in a winter in the Grisons." But these deductions, however feelingly stated, only lead our author back in the end to the praise of Davos; and his references to storm-wind and avalanche, the tedium of months of snow, and the consuming *ennui* of winter, only serve somehow on his pen to enhance the off-setting delights of a mountainous energy of brain, and failing health magically restored.

In the third paper of the book, "Snow, Frost, Storm, and Avalanche," we find some vivid descriptions of the dangers of life in the Swiss Highlands during winter and early spring. We have the terrible *Staub-Lawine*, or dust-avalanche, attended by a whirlwind, "mowing forests down like sedge, leaping from hill to hill," as an old peasant once described it, burying everything in its course, and crushing its victims to death by the slow clinging pressure of consolidating particles, like the hardening of a plaster cast. Little more merciful is the *Schlag-Lawine*, or stroke-avalanche; or, again, its uglier variety which Mr. Symonds christens the *Grund-Lawine*, "ugly, spiteful like an asp, the worst, the most wicked of the sisterhood. To be killed by it would mean a ghastly death by scrunching, throttling, as in some grinding machine, with nothing of noble or impressive in the winding-sheet of foul snow and debris heaped above the mangled corpse."

Some extraordinary stories are told of the death and destruction wrought by some recent avalanches. The blast which the avalanche sends before it, the *Lawinen-Dunst*, alone commits freaks almost beyond belief, some of which, however, Mr. Symonds is able

to authenticate in his narration. A woman was walking to church between Chur and the Strela Pass, when the *Lawinen-Dunst* caught her, lifted her into the air, and swept her from the road into the top branches of a pine, whence she was eventually rescued; the avalanche itself, which followed, was luckily a small one, and passed beneath her in its turn, leaving the tree standing. Again, a road-maker, named Scharta, was blown in like manner into the air on February 17th, 1888, as he was passing below Brail in the Engadine, and saved himself by grappling a fir-tree. On the 6th of the same month a man "with whom," says Mr. Symonds, "I was acquainted, called Anton Broher (nicknamed the *Schaukel-Bauer*, or Knave of Spades, because of his black beard)," was caught by an avalanche, just before noon, near the inn at Tschuggen, and carried by the blast, "with his horse and sledge, two hundred yards in the air across the mountain stream. The snow which followed buried him. He was subsequently dug out dead, with his horse dead and the sledge beside him. The harness had been blown to ribbons—nothing could be found of it except the headpiece on the horse's neck." These are but episodes of that perennial tragedy of the Alps, in which whole communities are sometimes involved. Of one upland village in the Engadine, Fettau, there is a continuous, if infrequent, record of disaster by avalanche and by fire, dating back to 1682 and ending in 1888; in spite of which the people refuse to desert the old site, and go on rebuilding the houses which the elements will inevitably again destroy. Davos itself has no mean record, though the precise situation of its central community at Davos-Platz is an unusually safe one.

To turn to Davos in its social aspects, Mr. Symonds, unlike the proverbial Englishman abroad who carries his insularity with him, is not content to live a life of scholarly seclusion apart from the native Davosers. Some of the best parts of the book consist in his accounts of his Swiss neighbours, encountered on the mountain roads, or in village inns when winter nights give occasion for the mountaineers to meet and drink Valtelline wine. There is one delightful account of a supper on Sylvester Abend, a New Year's Eve, at the house of Herr Buol, the present head of his aristocratic race, whose forbears for six centuries have lived there, the leading noblemen of Davos. It is a picture which would delight Mr. William Morris in its effect of a mediæval nobleman's household. "From immemorial antiquity the Buol of Davos has sat thus on Sylvester Abend with family and folk around him, summoned from Alp and snowy field to drink grampampuli and break the birnen-brod." After the feast the men and maids who sit below the salt begin to sing—"brown arms lounging on the table, and red hands folded in white aprons"—a song, serious at first, "then breaking into wilder measures, with a *jodel* at the close." To this scene succeeds that of ringing in the New Year from the church tower, and then a roystering round of visits, after our own North Country fashion of "first-footing," lasting out the night, with clinked glasses and cries of *Prosit Neujahr!* These and many similar adventures, which are described with characteristic vivacity, serve, as well as introducing us to the Davosers of our author's acquaintance, to prove, better than anything else, the remarkable virtue of the Davos climate. For here we have our hopeless invalid of fourteen years before, after this night of turbulent hospitalities, still keeping up the celebration with the stalwart Davosers, and at four in the morning sallying out once again in the grey snow-swept gloom, humming, as he tells us, verses from the Greek anthology in the midst of his Grison friends.

"I've drunk sheer madness! Not with wine,  
But old fantastic tales, I'll arm  
My heart in heedlessness divine,  
And dare the road, nor dream of harm!"

After the long winter at Davos the escape to some green southern region of Italy, when the



spring has come, is the next step in the programme of health. There is a charming and seductive account of Chiavenna, that little Italian town not so far from Davos in reality, than which, as Mr. Symonds tells us, there is no place "where one leaps more suddenly from north to south, from the mystery of the mountains into the Italian charm"; where vines, almond orchards, blossoming peach-trees, and ruined castles on toppling rocks, suggest the whole of Italy in epitome. A companion Swiss picture, by Miss Margaret Symonds, of "Summer in the Prättigau"—"one of those tiny settlements of wooden houses clustering round a doll's church, amid meadows and orchards, such as one may always find in Swiss valleys"—is equally bright and attractive. The book contains many such essays in little, which together form a strikingly picturesque and vivid account of Davos and the Davosers, and the life of an English man of letters there.

### SMUGGLING AS A LOST ART.

SMUGGLING DAYS AND SMUGGLING WAYS; or the Story of a Lost Art. Containing some chapters from the unwritten history of Cornwall and other counties, together with an account of the rise and development of the Coast-guard. By Lieutenant the Hon. Henry N. Shore, R.N. London: Cassell & Co.

LIEUTENANT SHORE was already favourably known outside the service to which he belongs by his pleasantly written "Flight of the *Lapwing*," and he will not lose credit by his new literary venture. Like many other naval officers, he has had opportunities; and, unlike too many, he has availed himself of them. There are few who, when worn out by the responsibilities and the work of the day and the night, can sit down to write their experiences or their gleanings. Mr. Shore is one of those few. He has been employed for several years as inspecting officer of the Coast-guard, and his thoughts have naturally turned to the meaning, the object, and the origin of the force in which he was serving; he has read much, inquired much, collected the reminiscences and traditions of the old men of the sea and the coast, and has now written an account of the manners and customs, the crimes and the "dodges," of the smugglers of old. Smuggling is now practically dead, killed by the diminution of possible profit, consequent on the reduction of duties, and by the very great increase of risk, consequent on the development of the Coast-guard. With an increase of the former, or a decrease of the latter, it might again come into life.

"The question," says Mr. Shore, "is often asked by thoughtless people, 'What is the good of keeping up the Coast-guard when there is no smuggling?' There are plenty of unscrupulous persons whom only the fear of detection now restrains from defrauding the revenue on a gigantic scale, and who, but for the existence of the Coast-guard, would instantly commence operations."

What a terrible evil those operations were in the old time, leading through recklessness and drunkenness to violence and to murder, Mr. Shore has well described. He rubs off the glamour and glitter with which romance has loved to deck the smuggler, and shows him, as he too often was, a mean, bloodthirsty scoundrel. Contrary, we think, to common opinion, Mr. Shore considers that the palm for brutality belonged to the smugglers of Kent and Sussex; that the men of the west country, of Cornwall and Devon, though as inveterate breakers of the law, broke it in a more humane fashion. No such fearful crimes seem to lie at their door as are recorded of the east-country men. Possibly the presence and assistance of the Cornish parsons had a softening effect. The story of how these used to lead on their congregations to the spoil of a wreck is very familiar. This of one superintending the running of a cargo is not so well known. A stranger is described as arriving by chance on the beach in time to witness the excitement, to see or hear the men drinking, fighting, wrestling, cursing, and swearing.

"Horried at what he saw, the stranger lost all self-command, and oblivious of personal danger, began to shout, 'What a horrible

sight! Have you no shame? Is there no magistrate at hand? Cannot any justice of the peace be found in this fearful country?' 'No, thanks be to God,' answered a hoarse, gruff voice. 'None within eight miles.' 'Well, then,' screamed the stranger, 'is there no clergyman hereabout? Does no minister of the parish live among you on this coast?' 'Aye, to be sure there is,' said the same deep voice. 'Well, how far off does he live? Where is he?' 'That's he, sir, yonder, with the lantern.' And sure enough, there he stood on a rock and poured, with pastoral diligence 'the light of other days' on a busy congregation."

It has often been claimed for the smugglers that, whatever their shortcomings from the Exchequer's point of view, they were, after all, useful in time of war, as bringing over news of the enemy's doings. Mr. Shore will not allow them even this credit. The majority of them, he says, "seem to have been ready to turn their hands to any dirty job by way of raising the wind. We have it on record that all through the last war with France the daily newspapers and correspondence were regularly carried to Bonaparte by a family then resident at Bexhill in Sussex." On the other hand, he quotes Louis Garneray to the effect that, in some instances, "after receiving payment for the escape of prisoners, they overpowered them when—in a double sense—half seas over, and handed the fugitives over to English cruisers." Louis Garneray, however, is scarcely an authority as to any matter of fact; and though it is, of course, possible that the smugglers acted as described, out of sheer villainy, it is perhaps more probable that they did it—if, indeed, they did do it—because the promised payment was not forthcoming. Traitors they were, no doubt, quite ready to be, but not gratuitously. Other authors referred to in support of divers historical statements, though not always named, are, we fear, sometimes as untrustworthy as Garneray, which is saying a great deal. It is, for instance, not true that Hawke obtained news of the French fleet being at sea from a smuggler named Harry Paulet, who "when bringing over a cargo of brandy, sighted the French fleet, and preferring patriotism to his cargo, sailed direct to Lord Hawke, etc." The news was sent to Hawke by Captain Griffith of the *Gibraltar* frigate; that is quite certain: it is equally certain that no smuggler on his way from any smuggling port, Guernsey, or Roscoff, or any other, could sight the French fleet on its way from Brest to Quiberon Bay. This, however, is a small matter; Mr. Shore is not professing to write about our naval history, and such slips are excusable; more especially when—on his proper subject—he has told so much and so well.

### ANOTHER FANATIC.

OUR ENGLISH HOMER; OR, SHAKESPEARE HISTORICALLY CONSIDERED. By Thomas W. White, M.A. London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co.

HERE we have a new sort of anti-Shakespearian fanatic, differing from his predecessors chiefly in the more solemn dulness of his unreason and his affectation of calm unprejudiced inquiry. The opening sentence of his preface deluded us for a moment into a wild hope that at last a man had arisen prepared to prove that Shakespeare wrote Bacon—surely a more arguable thesis than the other. But the hope was quickly dispelled. Mr. White loses no time in putting us in possession of his conclusions, which are—that the plays were not written either by Shakespeare or by Bacon; that Bacon wrote some of them entirely, and revised most of them, adding such "English beauties" as are not borrowed from the ancients and other foreign sources; and that the first drafts were the work of "needy scholars," sweated by the greedy and unscrupulous actor-manager called Shakespeare, who is left without a shred of moral character and without anything else to be proud of except his "tavern wit." This last Mr. White holds to be well attested. But might not Shakespeare have purchased this reputation also with the Elizabethan equivalents of chicken and champagne? Perhaps Mr. White leaves him with his tavern wit, just to show his own moderation, and

that he does not want to carry any theory to extremes.

In a similar spirit Mr. White protests that he advances nothing new: he merely brings together and "marshals" the evidence collected by others: he "has aimed at producing a popular treatise, which will place before the general public the information hitherto confined to specialists." Of this information the first page affords a striking specimen. Mr. White is sketching for the "general reader" the "re-enlightenment of Europe after the long reign of ignorance in the Middle Ages." "It had begun," he says, "with the invention of printing in the middle of the fifteenth century; and it was greatly accelerated by the overthrow of the Lower Empire a century later (1543), when the treasures of Greek literature, especially the works of Aristotle, were carried into the West by the fugitives from Constantinople." We might have supposed that 1543 was a misprint for 1453, but the circumstantial "a century later than the middle of the fifteenth" puts Mr. White's conception of the course of history beyond doubt. It is as if a future historian of our times should write:—"The publication of Darwin's 'Origin of Species' in the middle of the nineteenth century gave a great impulse to the study of evolution, which was accelerated by the French Revolution a century later, and the foundation of the Royal Society in the reign of Charles II."

There is nothing in the rest of Mr. White's book to alter the impression produced by this noble stumble on the threshold. There is much to confirm it. It is equalled, if not surpassed, on p. 4, by the following sentence about Lyly's "Euphues":—"The style of composition thus inaugurated was distinguished by its constant use of antithesis and simile, a style that had been adopted two thousand years before by Aristotle." This prepares us for interesting information when we reach the chapters entitled "Originalia Latina" and "Originalia Græca." Here we have the pith and marrow of Mr. White's argument, his proofs most relative that the plays were not written by the illiterate actor-manager, but by needy scholars whom this crafty capitalist kept in pay. He puts his best foot foremost with the *Comedy of Errors*, a "contemptible parody" of the *Menæchmi* of Plautus. The *Tempest* is an adaptation of the *Rudens*; but Mr. White generously admits that the characters of Prospero, Miranda, and Caliban are improvements on their originals. *Cymbeline* is "little more than a dramatised version of the story told by Livy of Tarquinius Superbus." So *Macbeth* is "nothing but an English adaptation of the *Agamemnon* of Æschylus." *Hamlet* is an adaptation of the *Electra* of Sophocles. At this point, gathering confidence as he proceeds, Mr. White ventures beyond summarising the plots of the Latin and Greek originals, and reveals his conception of how the modern adaptation was done. Thus:—"Ægisthos and Clytemnestra are the King and Queen; Electra and Orestes combined make up the character of Hamlet; while the amiability of Chrysothemis is personified in Ophelia, and her time-serving in Rosencrantz and Guildenstern; Pylades supplies us with the wholly superfluous Horatio, and the Oracle with the Ghost." Let the modern dramatist, smarting under Mr. Walkley's "impressions" of coincidences between old and new, and subservience to time-honoured types and formulæ, take note of this; he may find some comfort in it. For not only the characters, but also the incidents of our Elizabethan dramas were thus borrowed from "Originalia Græca." "One incident," Mr. White concedes, "has been very happily utilised by the English adapter. Chrysothemis has come bearing in her hands gifts to be laid on the tomb of Agamemnon. And so Ophelia meets Hamlet, carrying the presents he had made her in the happy hours of love," etc. "And so" is good, but Mr. White goes one better when he says that "the death of Orestes in a chariot-race at the Delphic games seems to have suggested the fencing-

match as the means of Hamlet's death and vengeance too." Verily, the poor scholar who adapted *Hamlet* had a nimble wit for an adapter. But we forget: *Hamlet* is the work of Bacon himself, written in 1589, when he was a briefless barrister, glad of the crumbs from the rich actor-manager's table. It was the favourable reception of this *Hamlet* of his that suggested to Shakespeare the idea of retaining him as a reviser of the work of his needy scholars. Adapting Æschylus must have been light work for Bacon compared with his concluding feat as the industrious old fellow in the cellarage of the Globe—namely, allegorising in the fall of Wolsey his own fall in 1621, several years before the latter event took place. "Ha, ha! old mole," we may well cry at this, "doest work i' the earth so fast?"

If Bacon could really do this kind of thing, how do we know that he did not write this treatise on "Our English Homer"? It has so attuned our minds to strange probabilities that we begin to doubt whether its author is "Thomas W. White, M.A." Certainly, if Bacon did not write this, he wrote, in writing Shakespeare, something very like it—the conversation of one Holofernes in *Love's Labour's Lost*, who presented the Nine Worthies before the Princess of France. The coincidences are, indeed, too remarkable to admit of any explanation but sameness of authorship. For does not his friend Sir Nathaniel say, just as "Thomas W. White, M.A.," says of Shakespeare, "Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book; he hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath not drunk ink; his intellect is not replenished"? And hear Holofernes himself:—"Let me supervise the canzonet. Here are only numbers ratified; but for the elegance, facility, and golden cadence of poesy, caret. Ovidius Naso was the man. . . . Imitari is nothing, so doth the hound his master, the ape his keeper, the tired horse his rider." Here we have precisely the same admiration of "Originalia Latina." And what but this treatise could Armado have had in his mind when he said, "Arts-man, preambulate; we will be singuled from the barbarous"? A minor corroboration is that though Mr. White describes himself as "M.A." on the title-page, he invariably in the body of the book writes the academic title as "A.M."—obviously the Arts Man of Armado. Yes; we cannot resist the conviction that Bacon wrote "Our English Homer."

#### FICTION.

1. THE NAULAHKA: A Story of West and East. By Rudyard Kipling and Wolcott Balestier. One vol. London: William Heinemann.
2. NO COMPROMISE. By Helen F. Hetherington and the Rev. Darwin Burton. Three vols. London: Griffith, Farran, & Co.
3. DIANA TRELAUNY: The History of a Great Mistake. By Mrs. Oliphant. Two vols. London: William Blackwood & Sons.

THOSE who have read a short story by Wolcott Balestier, entitled "Captain, my Captain!" will remember that there was fierce rivalry between the towns of Topaz and Rustler. Both towns were anxious to secure the railroad. In "Captain, my Captain!" we watched the journalism of Rustler striving after the "Three C's," and in "The Naulahka" we see the struggles of one man, the hero, to bring the Colorado and Californian Central to Topaz. Tarvin was at once shrewd and patriotic: he knew that the "Three C's" would be good for Topaz, and he spared no pains to secure its advantage. It was necessary to win over the president of the "Three C's"; and in order to win over the president it was necessary to secure the influence of his wife, Mrs. Mutrie; and to secure this influence it was necessary to appeal to her ruling passion, a passion for precious gems. Mrs. Mutrie desired "The Naulahka," a necklace of miraculous beauty and value. There were many stories concerning "The Naulahka," but few men had actually seen it. It was to be found more or less in Rhatore, in the



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province of Gokral Sectarun, Rajputana, India, but none knew in what cave it was hidden or in what temple the priests guarded it from sight. However, Tarvin agreed to get "The Naulahka" for Mrs. Mutrie, if Mrs. Mutrie would persuade her husband to bring the "Three C's" to Topaz. But it was not for this purpose only that Tarvin went to Rhatore; at Topaz Tarvin had been refused by Kate Sheriff, who liked him, but was prevented by her notions of duty from loving him. "This duty, as she conceived it, was, briefly, to spend her life in the East in the effort to better the condition of the women of India." At Rhatore Tarvin and Kate met again; in the end Tarvin finds that he must choose between "The Naulahka" and Kate; he can have either, and he cannot have both. This is not the place to trace out the incidents which lead to the dilemma, or to say what was the choice that Tarvin ultimately made. In the presentation of Rhatore there is something of the old Kipling-esque glamour; it is to the pages of Mr. Kipling that one must go for the strange people and incidents of the royal household at Rhatore. A reviewer must leave such things alone. It is enough to say that the plotting of that most beautiful and most wicked gipsy, Sitabhai, is interesting; that Sitabhai is well created; and that the chapter which describes her secret meeting with Tarvin is probably the finest and the most impressive in the book.

It may amuse some readers to attempt to divide the work; to give Topaz to Balestier, who knew something of railways and the different methods of getting them, and Rhatore to Mr. Kipling, who knows quite enough of India for narrative purposes. And, if the characters are also to be apportioned, it is probable that Balestier was responsible for Tarvin and Kate, and that Mr. Kipling discovered the King, the King's young son, and the intriguing Sitabhai. The result is good enough, as novels go nowadays. But Balestier did better work than "The Naulahka," and Mr. Kipling has done immeasurably better work. No good author suddenly becomes very bad, and there is much in "The Naulahka" that is worthy of Mr. Kipling. But it has not the wonderful combination of animation and subtlety which marks his best work; its machinery is to some extent obvious; one sees how the effect is obtained. Possibly collaboration is difficult, and destroys the fine artistic sense.

"No Compromise" is also a collaboration. We honestly wish that we might leave the three volumes with this one undeniable statement. There is no question of the finer artistic sense here, or of any artistic sense whatever. Briefly, "No Compromise" is a polemical novel; it is not deprecating compromise between belief and disbelief; it deprecates, apparently, any compromise between the High Church party and anything else on the face of the globe. We will not deal with the arguments; it is nothing to us which side these authors choose to weaken by their support; we cannot pretend to care whether they happen to be prejudiced against the School Board or against the solar system, nor are we concerned with the collaboration. Possibly one provided the inaccuracy and another the maliciousness; possibly two minds were required to produce the amazing dullness of this bad and bulky book. The one point on which we would lay stress is that the novel which is put together for any polemical purpose is an artistic mistake, and polemically useless. It is impossible to believe in characters and situations that are devised not to represent life but to enforce an opinion, and will always misrepresent life if the author imagines that by so doing he enforces his opinion better. The man who reasons with living adversaries may be compared to a soldier engaged in combat. The novelist who overthrows in argument the dummies that he himself has set up is like a baby knocking over its ninepins and calling itself Julius Caesar. But there is a minor point also. If the authors of "No Compromise" cannot break themselves of this practice of playing ninepins (and we gather from the title-page that the

practice is becoming habitual with them) let them at least play the game fairly. Surely they must know that, even if their own opinions are right, their opponents are not exclusively composed of the physically repulsive, socially impossible, and intellectually despicable; let them throw fairly at their ninepins and not knock them over on the nursery-floor by illegitimate methods. A baby that does this has no business to call itself Julius Caesar and become proud; it should rather be chastised, and taught fair-play.

Mrs. Oliphant is undoubtedly a clever and prolific author, but there are times when she sinks so far beneath her customary level that she almost reminds us of Miss Charlotte Yonge at her best. This is the case with "Diana Trelawny": the novel depends on a misunderstanding which does not seem to us to be very probable. An Italian allows an Englishman to help him to marry Diana Trelawny; the Englishman does not understand that the Italian wishes to marry Diana, believes that he wishes to marry another girl, and helps him to do it. In consequence, the Italian marries the wrong girl, and Diana is left out. The character of Diana herself is admirably drawn; but the novel lacks incident, and it is difficult to believe in the misunderstanding. Mrs. Oliphant has done very much better work.

#### A SCAMPER THROUGH THE UNITED STATES.

A YORKSHIREMAN'S TRIP TO THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA. By William Smith, F.S.A.S. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

THE facility with which the herring-pond can now be traversed has its disadvantages as well as its advantages, and not least among the former is the temptation it affords to trippers to give to the world their impressions of the countries they visit. The quantity of such literature is becoming rather alarming, especially as most of it, if unpublished, "never would be missed." Mr. Smith's account of his two months' trip is, however, more interesting and acceptable than many works of the kind. It is unpretentious, and does not purport to be a study of the United States and Canada and their problems; but is simply a chatty account in diary form of the places and people he visited, with a padding of statistics and other information from more or less reliable sources, and many illustrations, some of which, at any rate, are familiar as having appeared in various attractive pamphlets and leaflets issued in large numbers by American railway and steamship companies. Mr. Smith, by the way, seems to have a genuine admiration for the facilities for travelling in the United States. The book does not call for serious criticism; it is necessarily largely superficial, and the personal element in its pages is considerable. It might, however, prove interesting to those contemplating a similar trip, and who are acquainted with Mr. Smith and his various friends. Mr. Smith is, of course, first, last, and always, a Yorkshireman, and naturally took a deep interest in the "Tykes" he met with on his travels.

He gives some interesting information as to the position of the woollen trade in the States, and the condition of the factory hands. While at Germantown, a woollen manufacturing centre, he was told that "woollen manufactures in England are a long way ahead of those of the States," which will please his Yorkshire friends; and, in describing his visit to Lawrence, he says that he walked "from room to room, and plodded up storey after storey, but did not see much that differed from similar factories (of cottons and woollens) in Yorkshire and Lancashire, except in the neat and, indeed, smart appearance of the *employées*, and the cleanliness and order in every department," which is not altogether so pleasing. He quotes the following notice exhibited in one of the factories he visited as being somewhat unique:—"Regular attendance at some place of worship, and the proper observance of the Sabbath, will be expected by every person employed." Mr. Smith does not find that the factory workers are better off than those at home as regards wages. "The average earnings in the Pacific Mills, I was informed," he says, "is, for men and boys, 5s. per day, and for women and girls, 3s. 9d. per day, and to set against this there is the fact that, though food is much about the same price as in England, house-rent, coals, clothing, and taxes, are much higher." The book is called "A Yorkshireman's Trip to the United States and Canada," but Canada should be placed in very small letters, for only a few pages are devoted to the Dominion: certainly there is adequate account of the places he visited; but, on the other hand, it is embellished with some interesting matter, pictorial and otherwise, respecting Manitoba, the North-West, and British Columbia, which Mr. Smith apparently did not visit. It was, no doubt, put in by way of compensation; he seems to have felt in his inner conscience that he had not done proper justice to Canada, for in the preface his remarks about the country are rather gushing.





# THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1892.

## PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

MR. GLADSTONE came to town on Wednesday afternoon, and has since seen several of his principal colleagues. The ridiculous rumours which were circulated so freely prior to his coming to town have since died away. Men know that the Liberal leader will not take a peerage, and will not assent to any attempt to "shelve" Home Rule. But though MR. GLADSTONE'S return to London has cleared the air, it must not be supposed that there is as yet much to report concerning the future. The first business to be undertaken is the expulsion of the present Ministry from office. That, probably, will not be effected before the 12th of August, though happily the members of the Government are themselves now anxious to receive the happy despatch. Not until the old Ministry has been removed, and the task of forming a new Administration has been entrusted by the Queen to MR. GLADSTONE, will the work of Cabinet-making really begin. All the gossip as to who is and who is not to have office, all the talk as to differences and rivalries between this man and the other, may be dismissed as utterly futile. It is quite true that certain men are marked out by the circumstances of the case for particular posts, but all the lists of Ministries that have been circulated are the mere inventions of the gossip-mongers, and are absolutely unworthy of credence.

WHAT we stated last week as to the temper of the Irish members of both parties may be regarded as strictly true. Neither the Parnellites nor the Nationalists could submit to the postponement of Home Rule. They are bound to call for the production of MR. GLADSTONE'S measure next Session, and next Session, accordingly, will see the Home Rule Bill duly introduced. But there is no desire to press unreasonably on the new Ministry on the part of either section of the Irish party. The difficulties which confront MR. GLADSTONE are recognised, and no Irishman will blame him for dealing with British as well as with Irish questions. Nay, the Irish members clearly see that it is at least as much to their interest as to that of the Liberal party that there should be a sweeping reform of the Registration Laws and the mode of voting before there is another appeal to the country. If the anomalies of the present system had not existed a month ago, the result of the General Election would have been far more decisive than it is. The interests both of British and of Irish Home Rulers being thus identical, there is no need to fear that speedy rupture in their alliance upon which our opponents are building their hopes.

THE chief death of the week is unquestionably that of VISCOUNT SHERBROOKE, better known as ROBERT LOWE. We refer elsewhere to some of the peculiar characteristics of a very remarkable man. MR. LOWE'S great achievement, as everybody knows, was the overthrowing of the RUSSELL-GLADSTONE Administration on the question of Parliamentary Reform. There has hardly been a personal achievement to equal this in the whole course of our Parliamentary history; and when we remember it, and see to how little it led, we may well smile at the undue importance which men

attach to the trumpery triumphs of the Liberal Unionists (the real successors of the Adullamites) and their leader. But though MR. LOWE'S brave fight against the advance of democratic principles was his most brilliant achievement, it was by no means his most useful work. He deserves to be remembered for his services in connection with national education, as well as for the manner in which he discharged his duties as Chancellor of the Exchequer. One notable proposal of his to the House of Commons was unfortunately not adopted. If it had been, London would have been spared a great reproach. We refer to his suggestion—thrown out quite unexpectedly in the course of a debate in Committee—that the Law Courts should be placed on the Thames Embankment, on the site between the Middle Temple and Somerset House, instead of in the Strand. It was a magnificent idea, and its realisation would have been of incalculable benefit to London and its people; but the narrow views and vested rights of the lawyers prevailed, with the result which we know so well.

LORD SHERBROOKE was two years junior to MR. GLADSTONE. But whilst the latter is even now entering upon the task of forming his fourth Administration, the former had for nearly a dozen years ceased to take any part in public affairs. The truth is that in his case success, as he himself said in the touching lines we quote elsewhere, came too late. He did not reach high office until he was too old to master the secret of official success; and from the moment when he put his foot in Downing Street his influence and reputation began to decline. Certainly no more striking contrast could be furnished than that which is afforded by the careers of LORD SHERBROOKE and his old leader. The latter, with his early initiation into official life, had an enormous advantage over the brilliant scholar and debater who was one of the few men who could "cap" his classical quotations and rival him in learning as well as eloquence. Upon the whole we may well esteem it a fortunate thing for the world at large and for the cause of freedom that it was to MR. GLADSTONE rather than to MR. LOWE that the advantage of early official training fell.

THE result of the re-count at Greenock has been the return of SIR THOMAS SUTHERLAND, the Liberal Unionist, who on the first count lost his seat. SIR THOMAS is personally so popular in the House of Commons that his re-election will hardly be regretted by his Liberal opponents. But the reduction of MR. GLADSTONE'S majority is an unfortunate circumstance. The Tory newspapers and Tory speakers are jubilant over the event. But the time is happily gone by when the vauntings of the enemies of Home Rule have any political importance. Even MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S jubilant speech at Birmingham on Thursday is not a matter about which any Liberal will trouble himself. It is well-known that outside Birmingham MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S influence has been practically nil during the recent contest. As to the predictions in which he and the Tory newspapers indulge of confusion and dissension in the Liberal ranks whenever MR. GLADSTONE brings in his Home Rule Bill, it is obvious that the wish is father to the thought. There is something curiously foreign to English ways of

thought and action in the foolish girdings of the defeated Ministerialists against their victorious opponents. It might have been hoped that they would have known how to take a beating with dignity and composure. So far from this being the case, they apparently think that their proper course is to indulge in still more outrageous misrepresentations than those which have formed their chief stock-in-trade during the past six years. If they would realise the fact that for the moment misrepresentation is useless, they would not only do something to maintain their own dignity, but would strengthen their position for the future.

It is authoritatively announced that MR. JOSEPH COWEN will not contest MR. MORLEY'S seat at Newcastle in the event of a bye-election. It would have been strange indeed if MR. COWEN had taken any other course. He is himself a Home Ruler, and was one long before the Liberal party adopted Home Rule. In these circumstances his appearance in the field as the opponent of MR. MORLEY would only have been possible at the cost of the sacrifice of his reputation for political consistency. Unfortunately, although MR. COWEN will not be a candidate against MR. MORLEY, it is to be feared that he will not give him his valuable support. The battle of Coercion will find a champion at Newcastle in the person of MR. MILVAIN, a local lawyer, who lost his seat for Durham at the General Election. MR. MILVAIN is a very different person from MR. HAMOND, and it is certain that he will not poll anything like the number of votes given to that curious specimen of the Tory-Democrat. One may hope that Newcastle, after its orgie of anti-Liberalism, has now returned to its sober senses, and recognises the fact that if it is to preserve its political influence and reputation it must, as far as possible, undo the bad result of the General Election. To have placed MR. HAMOND above MR. MORLEY on the poll is not an achievement of which any sane man in Newcastle can be otherwise than heartily ashamed. To reject MR. MORLEY in favour of MR. MILVAIN would be to proclaim to the world that the old constituency in which Liberalism has so long been predominant had learned to glory in its shame. In Midlothian it is reported that the Tories have abandoned their intention to contest MR. GLADSTONE'S seat on his re-election.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN has written a curiously characteristic letter on the subject of the Crofters. It will be in the recollection of all that for some years past the right hon. gentleman has been zealous in the cause of the Crofters, and that he has addressed more than one meeting in the North of Scotland as their champion. But the Crofters have now committed the unpardonable sin of voting for the Liberal rather than the Liberal Unionist candidates, and it is fitting that they should be punished. Accordingly MR. CHAMBERLAIN writes to a correspondent to state that the Crofters cannot complain if the "Unionist party" leaves the further prosecution of their claims in the hands of the Liberals. "For his own part, MR. CHAMBERLAIN would think it presumption any longer to interfere in their behalf, although he will always continue to take a sincere interest in their welfare." The last sentence is delicious, and throws a flood of light upon the political sincerity of the eminent man who is responsible for it.

No politician is likely to be seriously moved by the political utterances of the *St. James's Gazette*. But though we do not expect political enlightenment from that newspaper, we might at least hope that its editor would have some regard for accuracy of statement, and would not care to display too conspicuously his ignorance of contemporary affairs. On Monday last, however, the *St. James's Gazette*

referred to the "scandalous attack" which THE SPEAKER had made upon the DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE. "Scandalous attack" is a strong phrase which no man with a regard for the truth would use without good reason for doing so. What in the eyes of the editor of the *St. James's Gazette* appears to have been a "scandalous attack" was a simple statement of fact, conveyed in language of which neither the DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE nor anybody else could complain. We do not, of course, blame the editor because he is ignorant of what every intelligent politician in London is now fully aware—that our statement was absolutely and literally true. But we might at least have hoped that his knowledge of the English language would have saved him from the blunder of describing a plain statement of fact as a "scandalous attack."

DURING the week there has been a general advance in quotations upon the Stock Exchange, not because of any increase in business, for, in fact, the public are holding aloof from the market almost completely, but because while the Elections were going on speculators sold on an immense scale. The City being intensely Conservative, the speculators argued that if the Conservatives were defeated, and if it were seen that MR. GLADSTONE would come into power, there would be a general fall in prices. They wished to forestall that by selling themselves, hoping to buy back at a great profit. As a matter of fact there has been no fall, except what was caused by the speculators selling, and as soon as the speculators began to buy back, prices went up to where they had been before the Elections in most cases. The speculative buying back is now nearly ended, and probably there will be a slow decline in prices, not only because the holiday season has set in, but because, still more, there is grave apprehension respecting the silver difficulty in the United States, already referred to, and respecting the finances of so many foreign countries. It seems almost inevitable that Spain must follow in the footsteps of Portugal, and make a fresh default. The condition of Italy is also very bad, and the reports from Russia are very grave. Besides, the spread of cholera is only too likely to have a very depressing effect upon the Continental Bourses, where prices are extravagantly too high. The only department of the Stock Exchange that is likely to be fairly well maintained is that for home railway stocks.

THE Money Market is utterly stagnant. We have reached, of course, the holiday season, when business is always very quiet; but, apart from that, there is great anxiety as to the result of the American silver policy. People are asking uneasily whether it will be possible to induce the present Congress to stop the purchases of silver, for it has a "Silver" majority. And if not, will it be possible to wait until the new Congress meets in March? Is there not danger of a crisis in the meantime? The gold exports from New York have ceased for the time being, and are hardly likely to begin now that harvesting has commenced in the United States, and the demand for money to move the crops will continue to grow until the autumn. But once the harvesting and marketing of the crops are over, what will happen at the end of the year or early next year? Even if there is no crisis in the United States, will it not be absolutely necessary to stop the purchases of silver? And if that is done, what will be the consequences to the silver-using countries? The price of silver fell at one time this week to 39½d. per ounce, almost the lowest point ever touched. But if the American purchases of fifty-four million ounces of the metal every year are stopped, what may not the price go to? And if the fall is ruinously great, what will be the result in India and other silver-using countries? and how also will Lancashire be affected



## CLEARING THE FIELD.

IT is satisfactory to know that the "wild and whirling" talk with which the Unionists sought to cover their defeat has now practically ceased. The foolish suggestions which have been conspicuous not only in the minor organs of the Tory party, but even in so staid and able a journal as the *Standard*, are heard no more, and the country knows that Lord Salisbury and his colleagues have at last recognised the fact that the verdict of the nation has been pronounced decisively against them and that their tenure of office is at an end. Everybody can respect the determination of an Englishman not to admit prematurely that he has been beaten; but it is another thing to attempt to deny a defeat which has actually been incurred, and the recent proceedings of the Tory party suggest rather the wild unreasons of the French generals and journalists in the midst of their early defeats in the war of 1870, than any more sober precedent. The follies of the beaten Unionists are now, however, at an end, and their supporters are beginning to realise the fact that a majority of 40 is at all events something better than a minority of the same number. We might have been better pleased, of course, if the majority had been double its actual strength; but there is not the slightest reason to doubt its practical sufficiency, and there is no ground for supposing that the new Parliament will not be able to live a life of the normal duration. Doubtless this prospect is by no means exhilarating to those who clung to the hope that, if they were not actually victorious in the great struggle, they would at least succeed in securing something like a drawn battle; but, as wise men, they will now perhaps make up their mind to the inevitable, and prepare not only to see a Liberal Government installed in office, but an entire reversal of the policy of the doomed Administration. The notion that the brief debate which will take place upon the vote of Want of Confidence can be used to any advantage by the members of the dying Ministry is a delusion that hardly calls for notice. They have already urged everything that can be urged on their own behalf, and the nation has decisively rejected their appeal. As for their threatened indictment of Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues, it is enough to say that they cannot possibly go beyond the charges which they have already brought against the Liberal party, and that they can therefore produce no effect either upon the House of Commons or the country. Nobody will wish to deny to Mr. Balfour and his colleagues on the Treasury Bench the opportunity of offering such defence of themselves and of their proceedings during the past six years as they may wish to lay before the public, but no one will expect that the Liberal leaders will enter into any serious controversy with them. The controversy is at an end. It has raged furiously during the many years it has been carried on, not only in the House of Commons but in almost every constituency in the land, and the plain issue is before us. Nothing now remains but for the House of Commons to give effect to the voice of the nation.

There has been wild talk in other places besides those in which the Government and their adherents dwell. We regret to see that in some quarters—happily not authoritative—suggestions have been made to the effect that Home Rule must be postponed in the interests of the Liberal party. It is a little difficult to understand on what ground such suggestions are put forward. If there is no disputing the fact that the Tories have been beaten in this battle, it is at the same time impossible to deny that the Liberal majority, in virtue of which Mr.

Gladstone will next month assume office, has been secured by the alliance with the Irish Nationalists, and is dependent upon their continued support. In these circumstances nothing can be more foolish than to put forward proposals which, if they were carried into effect, could only result in the immediate defeat of the new Government. But even if this were not so, there is an argument of irresistible strength in favour of our perseverance in the policy of justice towards Ireland. To that policy we stand in honour pledged, and from it we cannot depart without such a loss of credit and reputation as would prove fatal to any political party. Mr. Gladstone's majority has been secured in the name and for the cause of Home Rule. It may be quite true that if Home Rule had never been brought forward he would have been still more certain of securing the ascendancy, for he would then have had the whole force of Liberal Unionists behind him. But this fact only adds strength to the assertion that it is Home Rule which has triumphed in this struggle, and triumphed in spite of difficulties that might well have seemed insuperable. It may be taken for granted, therefore, that neither in the mind of Mr. Gladstone nor in that of any responsible member of his party is there the slightest idea of any withdrawal from the pledges which have already been so freely given by English Liberals to Irish Nationalists. Home Rule blocks the way more completely to-day than it ever did before, and it will have to be dealt with, and dealt with seriously, by the Liberal Government without any unnecessary delay. Our own conviction is that Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill will be brought forward early in the session of 1893. It is too soon to speculate as to its fate. What is certain is that there is a majority in favour of it in the House of Commons, and that no hostile majority in the House of Lords will be able to destroy either the Government or the principle to which it is pledged.

But, as we said last week, there is no reason why fidelity to Home Rule should prevent that work to which the Liberal party is urgently called in the interests of Great Britain. We can serve our Irish fellow-subjects effectually without neglecting the interests of the population of England and Scotland. Nay, we may go further, and say that the cause of Ireland will be benefited rather than injured by an early consideration of some of the most pressing questions affecting the United Kingdom as a whole. Three measures at least ought to receive attention at the hands of the Liberal majority before the close of next year's legislative work, and it is by no means impossible that some of these measures, at all events, will become law before the Home Rule Bill is finally passed. The reform of the Registration Laws, the fixing of one day for the polling both in boroughs and counties throughout the United Kingdom, and the establishment of Parish Councils for the benefit of the rural population, may be fairly regarded as measures which, if they do not take precedence of Home Rule, may at least advance step by step with it, and the carrying of which will, at all events, strengthen materially the Home Rule party in Great Britain. There are other measures about which people are already beginning to talk, and which the new Parliament will, it is to be hoped, succeed in carrying. There is indeed the whole Newcastle Programme from which to choose. But short views of life are best in politics as in everything else, and the first business of the new Government will be to take seriously in hand the measures we have named and to press them forward to completion with the least possible delay. We can only trust that those Irishmen who have stood faithfully by the side of Liberals

during the past six years in their great battle for justice will not have allowed themselves to be misled by mischievous and irresponsible talk on this side of the Channel, but that they will continue to understand that their faith in Mr. Gladstone and his followers is well justified, and that nothing will be allowed to stand in the way of the realisation of the policy of the Liberal party towards Ireland.

#### MEN AND MEASURES.

IT is only natural that with Mr. Gladstone's return to town the amateur Cabinet-makers should have redoubled their activity. In a few weeks a Liberal Government will have been formed, and nothing is more natural than that all who have any acquaintance with the active politicians of the day should seek to forecast the composition of the body to which the administration of the national affairs is about to be entrusted. For our part we do not feel tempted to follow in the footsteps of the quidnuncs. If for no other reason we should be deterred from doing so by the utter uselessness of the work in which they are engaged. The construction of the new Ministry is a task which devolves upon Mr. Gladstone and upon him alone; and Mr. Gladstone has far too strong a regard for the decencies of political life to begin that task before it has been formally committed to his hands by the Sovereign. We may dismiss from our thoughts therefore the speculations which occupy the minds and tongues of the gossips. The notion, sedulously propagated in some quarters, that Sir William Harcourt has been engaged in the task of dispensing the minor patronage of the new Administration during the recent conferences in Brook Street is so absolutely devoid of foundation that one wonders how it ever came to exist. Sir William has been engaged in the harmless and, we hope, profitable business of learning for himself the opinions of some of the younger members of the Liberal party on the present aspect of affairs. The people who have attributed some special importance to the interviews he has held during the past week, and who have even studied the names of his visitors with the hope of gathering from them an inkling as to the distribution of offices in the new Government, are hopelessly wide of the mark. The truth about Mr. Gladstone's fourth Administration will be known in due time, but not until after Mr. Gladstone has been commissioned by the Queen to form it. Meanwhile, speculation as to the men who will be included in the Ministry and the places they will occupy may be dismissed with the remark that the material at the disposal of the Liberal Leader is as rich and varied as that with which any Prime Minister in the past has been called upon to deal.

But measures as well as men have to be considered; and it is unfortunately necessary to remind some supporters of Mr. Gladstone of this fact. We do not blame those who have just emerged from the most severe political struggle of this century for being anxious to make their own positions secure, and to render the next Liberal victory still more decisive than this has been. We can forgive some of the wilder suggestions which have been made by some of our friends. But it is well that the Liberal majority in the new House of Commons should recall the fact that, as a party, we exist, not for the mere purpose of securing office, but in order to carry into the conduct of the national affairs certain great principles in which, as Liberals, we believe. If we are to abandon these principles in order to catch votes then the Liberal party will cease to exist, and in its

place we shall have a mere rabble of office-hunters. We do not for a moment suppose that there is any greater danger of the demoralisation of our own party than there is of the demoralisation of our opponents. But, unfortunately, we have seen during the past six years how completely the old Tory party has abandoned its principles for the sake of expediency, and we have seen also how earnestly some Liberals have besought us to follow the Tory example. It will not do. If we are to engage in a kind of Dutch auction with our opponents, each striving to bid lower than the other in order to gain popular support, the outlook will indeed be a gloomy one for all true Liberals and all true patriots. Every politician must, in the necessity of things, be more or less of an opportunist; but the unblushing advice of those who bid us boldly buy the support of this or the other section of the community by the surrender even of the most cherished principles of Liberalism ought to be rejected unhesitatingly by every honest man. We cannot conceive it to be possible that the new majority in Parliament will listen to that advice. Our victory has been gained by a steadfast adhesion to principle, in face of tremendous odds, of which every member of the party has reason to be proud. The notion that, now that the battle has been won, we may sacrifice principle to expediency and set ourselves to the mere task of catching votes is almost too contemptible to be discussed. By all means let our new rulers go as far as their own principles will permit them to do in order to satisfy the demands of the electors; but if any one of them is tempted to go further than this—if, for the sake of gaining a more complete triumph over an opponent, he does violence to the creed he has hitherto professed—he may depend upon it that his punishment will be certain and severe.

The Liberal party is the party of social reform; but it is certainly not the Socialist party, and those advocates of Socialism who have recently denounced the Liberal leaders, because they were not prepared to do violence to the fundamental principles of Liberalism in order to secure the favour of a handful of revolutionary *doctrinaires*, had good reason for their opposition to Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues. The Liberal party has been the champion of the cause of labour in the past, and will continue to be its champion in the future. But we cannot believe that the time will ever come when it will impose needless and arbitrary fetters upon the freedom of the individual under the pretence of benefiting the mass. The science of political economy has not ceased to exist, nor has the multiplication table learned to lie, because there are some persons among us who have misread the one and failed to learn the other. No Liberal statesman would propose to abolish the "law of gravitation" because it seemed obnoxious to a particular section of the community; nor will any honest man in our party give up what he believes to be great economic truths because there are people among us who regard those truths in the light of personal grievances. The region in which the Liberal party, now once more installed in power, can work for the good of the community as a whole, and above all for the good of that class which constitutes the majority of the nation, is almost boundless in extent. There are many bad laws still to be repealed; many old customs to be abolished. There is the whole field of what may be called municipal socialism—the creation of municipal institutions for the benefit not of a class but of the community—to be occupied. There is the organisation of village life to be undertaken and carried to completion. In a thousand different directions the party which in this country has ever been the party of liberty and progress may



advance unchecked, without doing violence to the principles which it has received from its fathers, to which it still clings, and which constitute its real strength and virtue as a political power. If it should be tempted by the pressure of faddists, or by the active propagation of the raw ideas of cliques and schools, to abandon the foundation rock of the Liberal creed, its doom is certain. It may compete successfully with the charlatans of the Tory-Democratic party for the favour of this or the other constituency; it may even extend its tenure of power by a few months or years, but none the less will it have forfeited its right to be regarded as the champion of freedom and the representative of the principles which have made our country what it is.

#### THE COMING REGISTRATION BILL.

ONE of the foremost measures in the new Parliament must be a Registration Bill. Home Rule stands first; but it ought to be followed, or accompanied, by a Bill making our electoral system a little less unreasonable than it is. Few openly defend the existing bundle of absurdities and anomalies. The only avowed opposition of any kind would come from an insignificant group of politicians, the pedants of their class, who believe that the nation can be jockeyed and hounded; who are masters of shortsighted finesse, and adepts, as they think, in the art of defeating the real intentions of a constituency. Incurable in their antipathy to simplicity, they take a positive delight in the jumble of uncertainties, the hodge-podge of statutes, new and old, the creaking machine which revising barristers annually oil, and by which our legislators are elected. Even these pedants must to some extent smother their real antipathy to a better system of registration. The proposal could not be met in the House of Commons by a direct negative.

There are two modes of dealing with the matter—one thorough, laborious, and perilous; the other imperfect, but safer. Mr. Gladstone might invite the House of Commons to deal with the whole question. He might introduce a bill repealing the fifty or sixty statutes, beginning with 8 Hen. 6, c. 71, out of which the rights of electors must now be spelled. He might say that, in lieu of the half-dozen franchises now existing—those possessed by £40 freeholders, persons seized for life or lives of lands or tenements of the value of £5, holders of certain long leases, occupiers of land of £10 clear yearly value, householders and lodgers—one form of franchise shall be recognised. He might obliterate the differences still subsisting between the borough and county franchise. He might seek to efface or correct the inequality which successive Registration Acts have not removed between the value of individual votes in different constituencies. The task would be sufficient for any one session even if Mr. Gladstone's majority were twice as large as it is. Were a considerable part of this scheme attempted, the House of Lords would be encouraged to say, "Here is a new Reform Bill; the country has not been consulted; let us throw out the obnoxious measure"; and, though the ultimate result of the struggle would be certain, a session would be wasted. Is no middle course open? Can nothing be done without incurring such risk? There are matters of substance and matters of machinery, questions of principle and questions of detail. All cannot be dealt with safely in one session; and it may strike the advisers of the party to be the sure course to attempt a task less difficult than recasting the electoral system. The bulk of the present law relating to registration as distinguished from qualifications is contained in half a dozen statutes—certain

unrepealed parts of the first Reform Act, the Registration Act of 1843, the Acts of 1865, 1867, 1878, 1885, and 1888. Two or three practical steps toward a complete scheme may be mentioned. Suppose that, in order to remove the chief objections to short Parliaments and to diminish the inconvenience attending a General Election, it were declared that all elections shall be held on one day; no inconsiderable portion of the benefits promised from a rational system of registration would be at once attained. "Out" or "faggot" voters would no longer be able to exercise the power which is theirs, say, in Middlesex, and many of the precautions now taken against personation need not be retained. A second point is of greater consequence. Under the present system, which requires actual possession for six or even twelve months before a date arbitrarily fixed, a large part of the population is permanently disqualified. Many working men move from place to place owing to the nature of their business. The overseers take no great pains to put on the lists a class of persons who have little influence in parish affairs. Even if the Bill did nothing more than shorten the period of residence and fix the elections for one day, it would be an immense boon.

Go many steps beyond this, and it must be admitted that we may be in for a struggle, long and absorbing, respecting a Reform Bill; pressing questions must wait while we are fighting with the House of Lords over this matter. Confine the new measure within some such limits as we have indicated, and there is no reason why it should not be passed in the first session of the new Parliament. This is not a plea for indifference as to other failings in the Registration Acts. Through every one of them runs a vicious principle, the connection between electoral qualification and rating. The principle has long lost all reason. Personal payment of rates might have, with some appearance of propriety, been required as a condition of fitness. It is no longer necessary. And yet payment of rates of the premises to which the qualification is attached is still obligatory; and whole groups of persons otherwise perfectly eligible may be disqualified because their landlord, unknown to them, has not paid his rates. While these and many other defects are to be found in our registration system, the Liberal party must make registration reform one of the first articles in its creed. Our point is that ways, means, and time must be consulted, and that it may be found expedient, in the first instance, to correct the anomalies which we have described, and which everyone has lately experienced. The new Government are bound, according to their critics, to lose no time in doing something rash and suicidal. Mr. Gladstone has been told that meddling with registration is a good mode of making away with his majority. His adversaries forget that he sees at least as clearly as they the risks and perils upon which they count.

#### ROBERT LOWE.

OF all the "extinct volcanoes" to whom Mr. Disraeli once applied a stolen simile, there was none more completely extinguished by the snows of age than the man who will live in history as Robert Lowe. Of Viscount Sherbrooke the world knew little and cared less. People, indeed, were puzzled when they encountered the name in print to realise the identity of its owner. He had ceased to be a figure on the stage. The last occasion on which the present writer saw him was a couple of years ago at a garden party at Dollis Hill. Mr. Gladstone had invited his old colleague to the gathering, and there he was—a feeble, blind old man; moving about under

the careful guidance of his wife; always muttering to himself; taking no note of those around him; his mind, if not absolutely vacant, filled with dreams and ancient memories. It was with a thrill of pity that one realised that this pathetic figure was all that remained of "Bob Lowe," once the terror of a party and the idol of the House of Commons. The morning papers have done justice to his great career, and have shown how the *Times* leader-writer became one of the foremost figures in the State. But they have failed to reveal the double secret of his rise and his downfall. Only those who remember the House of Commons in 1866 and 1867 can really understand how it was that Mr. Lowe gained so great a place in public life. Never in this century has Parliament listened to a series of speeches which can compare in concentrated force, in brilliancy of diction, in almost ferocious courage, with those which Mr. Lowe made in defence of the Adullamites. One sometimes wonders, when men talk of Mr. Chamberlain's gifts as a debater, whether the leader of the Brummagem party ever heard Mr. Lowe at his best, and whether, if he did, he could retain any belief in his own powers. The Adullamites were the forerunners of the Liberal Unionists. They represented Society and the classes. They were Liberals in name alone. For the most part they were dull persons, of the mental calibre of their nominal leader, the present Duke of Westminster. But they had two men of more than average capacity among them—Mr. Horsman, the "superior person," and Mr. Lowe. The latter they held in some contempt. The general belief of the dukes and their allies was that he had eked out a precarious livelihood in Australia by keeping a school, and that he now supported himself by writing for the press—and in those days, so near and yet so far, the "newspaper man" was held in abhorrence in the House of Commons. Probably most of the Adullamites at the outset of their battle against reform would have been better pleased if Mr. Lowe had not joined them. But in the twinkling of an eye, as it were, he made himself their master and their chief. In those speeches in which he did such fierce battle against the spirit of Democracy he gave splendid expression to those sentiments which lay too deep for utterance in their own dumb breasts. He found them the brains they lacked; he supplied the tongue which in their own case was paralysed. And as they saw him striking blow after blow in defence of privilege and wrong and old-world abuses, they cheered him with frantic enthusiasm, and deluded themselves with the belief that at last one had been found to stay the advancing tide of Democracy.

It was a wonderful spectacle, upon which some of us must even now look back with a thrill of emotion. Then, indeed, did the giants do battle before the eyes of the sons of men. Lowe, Gladstone, Disraeli, Bright, all threw themselves into the struggle with their whole hearts. When one recalls the great debates of those days and contrasts them with the House of Commons which has just died, one seems to have fallen upon the age of the pigmies. But grand and heroic as were the mental stature and intellectual equipment of Mr. Lowe, the task to which he had committed himself was a hopeless one, and twelve months after he had heard the rafters of the House ring with the rapturous cheers of Tories and Whigs as he boldly proclaimed the unworthiness of his fellow-men to exercise the right of self-government, he had the mortification of seeing those who had then applauded him engaged in trampling down the very bulwarks of class privilege he had defended so brilliantly. All that he had accomplished was to overthrow a Ministry and to transfer the task of carrying the

great Reform Bill from the hands of men who believed in it to those of men who loathed it.

But his personal success was not the less marked because he had failed as completely as Dame Partington in his battle with the in-flowing sea. When the turn of the tide came in 1868 and Mr. Gladstone found himself called to the head of the State, everybody felt that Mr. Lowe had earned a place among Ministers, and so the ex-Adullamite became the Liberal Chancellor of the Exchequer. It was at that time (December 6th, 1868) that he wrote these touching lines:—

"Success is come—the thing that men desire;  
The toil of office, and the care of State.  
Ambition has naught left her to acquire.  
Success is come! But ah, it comes too late.  
Where is the bounding pulse of other days  
That would have thrilled enchantment through my frame;  
The lips that would have loved to speak my praise,  
The hearts that would have kindled at my name?  
Oh Vanity of Vanities! For Truth  
And Time dry up the source where joy was rife,  
Teach us we are but shadows of our youth,  
And mock us with the emptiness of Life."

When one reads these lines one realises a side of "Bob Lowe's" character which was certainly not conspicuous in the eyes of the world. As a Minister he was the hardest, most matter-of-fact and most unsympathetic person who ever sat upon the Treasury Bench. He delighted to rub people—not antagonists only, but friends and even colleagues—the wrong way. Most of us remember the blunt question he put to the deputation of country bankers, provincial notables every man of them, when they had complained that they positively could not live if some measure of his were carried into effect: "And pray, why should you live?" All Mr. Gladstone's older colleagues can recall the fight between Mr. Lowe and Mr. Baxter which led to the resignation of the latter, and which caused Mr. Lowe's removal from the Chancellorship to the Home Office. A hundred stories might be told of the offence which was given to people of importance by the brusque cynicism and downright brutality of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. But even these characteristics do not furnish the secret of Mr. Lowe's downfall. It was not merely his contempt for others, but that contempt *plus* his admiration for himself, which proved fatal to him. He delighted in his own cleverness, and he could with difficulty be induced to abandon his ill-starred match-tax because he had invented the punning "Ex luce lucellum," as the motto to be placed upon the stamps. People bore his contempt, but they could not bear his self-adulation, and so in the end he fell—fell more completely and suddenly than any other man of his time who had risen so high. In 1880 he was sent to the House of Lords, and to him the Upper Chamber was no better than a tomb. A man of splendid intellectual force, of great eloquence, of gifts many and precious, but utterly lacking in that insight into character which flows from sympathy, and absolutely devoid of that spirit of reverence which is the hall-mark of the truly wise, Mr. Lowe was destined after achieving a wondrous triumph to see his inferiors pass him in the race, and to spend an old age of impotent regrets.

#### THE MOROCCO BLUNDER.

HISTORY will perhaps pronounce a different verdict upon Lord Salisbury's foreign policy from that which now appears to find acceptance. Heligoland was bartered for territory to which Germany had no shadow of claim, no attempt being ever made to obtain from competent authority an



estimate of the real value of the little island to the Power which desired it. On the mere advice of Sir G. Baden Powell, without any inquiry into naval possibilities, a ridiculous proposal was made to the United States, which the President, in a peculiarly curt despatch, declined to regard as seriously put forward. Diplomatic force was applied to extract half a million sterling from the cruelly oppressed people whose miserable condition Mr. Curzon has well described, in order to satisfy the rapacity of unscrupulous speculators; and even this respectable sum does not appear to have satisfied the aspirations of the Foreign Office. Such achievements, viewed in the perspective of time, will probably present a dubious aspect. Already Germany is eagerly fortifying Heligoland, and showing the great value she attaches to this unconsidered trifle. Already the handling of the Behring Sea question has aroused bitter feeling—easily avoidable—in the United States. Already it is recognised that British prestige in Persia has received a blow, the effects of which cannot be obliterated for years. For the latest fiasco, however, Lord Salisbury can be held responsible only in that the agent employed was his own selection. He, it may safely be assumed, never intended that the impression of a wish to take high-handed and independent action in regard to Morocco should go forth to Europe. The result is his misfortune rather than his fault.

The first reflection upon the recent performances at Fez is that they were addressed—almost too obviously—to the gallery. Diplomats entrusted with a delicate mission do not usually permit newspaper correspondents to be either present during their negotiations or to be furnished with verbatim reports of the proceedings for immediate transmission to the Press of the negotiating Power. That the dramatic scenes, which evidently lost nothing in the telling, have appealed with success to the Jingo spirit always latent in this country is proved by the comments they have elicited. Cooler judgment comes with the morning, however, and some of the writers who have applauded what they term “leonine diplomacy” probably now feel misgivings. Don Pacifico and his bedstead cannot be quite forgotten.

British missions have regularly proceeded to Fez for some years. Sir Drummond Hay must have paid many such visits. Yet, in spite of the known fanaticism of the population, it does not appear that previous Ministers incurred the serious dangers which seem to have threatened Sir C. Euan-Smith. The Moors have no correspondents to represent their side of the question, and we have no information as to why special hostility was aroused by this latest mission. A solitary writer, evidently well acquainted with the people, has shown that some of the incidents are capable of a new interpretation. If the British Minister insisted upon hoisting his flag on the day of the Feast of the Sacrifice, a gross blunder was perpetrated. Again, it is as well that we should be reminded that the mules and baggage animals stated to have been temporarily moved were the property of the Sultan, and that it is quite possible that their removal was honestly intended to avert the danger which the proposed departure of the Minister at this particular juncture might have involved. Finally, the photographing story is not likely to have been imagined by the Central News correspondent, and, as should have been known, the proceeding was exactly calculated to exasperate a Moorish crowd. Some allowance must surely be made for the religious fanaticism of a people by no means under full control, and, if the situation was as acute as is represented, the safety of the mission proves that great exertions must have been made in its behalf.

Sir C. Euan-Smith was sent to negotiate a treaty which claimed no special advantages for Great Britain, but sought merely the relaxation of commercial restrictions and the mitigation of the treatment of prisoners. Both objects were unexceptionable, although the second might possibly have been deferred. In attaining both, the representatives of most, if not all, of the other Powers might have been expected to co-operate. So far as can be judged, the British Minister appears to have conceived the idea of striking out an independent line of his own and achieving his object by mere bluff. It does not seem to have occurred to him that he was dealing with a Sovereign State, however uncivilised, and that the Manipur model was not one to follow. To be presented with an altered treaty may have been annoying; but to tear it up in an outburst of temper, real or feigned, was a gross mistake. Lord Salisbury can never have intended that his envoy should assume the attitude of Bismarck after Sedan. That the negotiations naturally failed is a relatively small matter compared with the misunderstanding which the peculiar and widely advertised methods adopted will inevitably create. Great Britain has no designs whatever upon Morocco other than a fair field of competition for her commerce. We cannot, however, permit the establishment of a strong naval power on the southern shore of the Straits of Gibraltar. Spain already holds Ceuta. If the occupation of Morocco by a European Power were necessary, Spain has the first right to be considered. But such an occupation is not at present called for, and the main object of diplomacy should be to secure full concert between the Powers in all dealings with Muley Hassan. Such concert, which Mr. Gladstone has striven to promote, and which Lord Salisbury cannot have wished to disturb, has been jeopardised by the incomprehensible freaks of the Minister whose recall appears to be the one way left of proving to Europe that Great Britain has no ulterior motives.

#### JOINT-STOCK BANK PROFITS.

AT the half-yearly meeting of the shareholders of the London Joint Stock Bank the other day the chairman said that business on the Stock Exchange was reported to be worse than it had been since the year of famine and revolution, 1848. The statement is extravagant, but it shows how keenly the depression is felt, and especially how the purely London joint stock banks have suffered. For many reasons—principally the real prosperity of the home trade—the country banks have, speaking generally, been able to keep up the rates of dividend which they have distributed for some time past; but the earning power of the purely London banks has undoubtedly diminished. Taking the seven principal London banks, we find that their aggregate profits amounted to no more than £511,000—a decrease of as much as £178,000 compared with the corresponding period of 1890, or nearly 26 per cent. In fact, the net profits of the seven banks were smaller in the past six months than in any half-year since the second half of 1885, a period of depression in trade also; in spite, that is, of the growth of wealth during the past six and a half years, the profits made by the banks were smaller in the past six months than in any other six months since 1885. The first explanation is the falling-off in business, and the accumulation of unemployed money owing to the Baring crisis. So many financial houses were affected by the crisis and the causes that brought it about, and so keen was the apprehension of bankers that money which had been employed in immense amounts

abroad was brought home by those to whom it belonged. Gold, consequently, has been pouring in from all parts of the world, and, therefore, there has been during the past six months an extraordinary accumulation of unemployed money. On the other hand, speculation was paralysed by the crisis, and, consequently, the demand for money fell off just when the supply was most increasing. Taking the whole six months together, the rate of discount averaged less than  $1\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., and for the second half the rate was often no better than  $\frac{3}{4}$  per cent. But the banks have never paid less than 1 per cent., and they sometimes paid  $1\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. upon the money they had on deposit. It was impossible, therefore, to profitably employ deposit money in discounting bills.

Of course, it is to be recollected that upon the current accounts, which constitute a very large proportion of the deposits, no interest is paid; and doubtless it is by means of the current accounts that bankers have been able to take bills at all. While they are allowing 1 per cent. upon deposits it is incredible that they would take bills at  $\frac{3}{4}$  per cent.—assuming that they would have to pay interest on all deposits. But when they have to pay nothing on current accounts it is remunerative, so far as they go, to take bills. The money for which interest is paid has been employed chiefly in the form of investments. A portion of it, no doubt, was laid out upon the Stock Exchange; but as upon the Stock Exchange there has been so little business done, rates have been exceedingly low—not seldom scarcely more than the banks paid upon deposits; and it is to be recollected that, before making any profits, the banks have working expenses to pay. The profits of the banks have to be derived from investments such as Consols, guaranteed and preference stocks, and Colonial stocks. These all yield interest very much larger than the banks allow upon money lodged on deposit. The country banks were not affected by the crisis as much as the London banks, partly because the rate of interest in the country is not affected by every change in the Bank of England rate as it is in London, but chiefly because the country banks minister to the home trade, and the home trade has recently been very good. Even the two great Discount Companies have earned practically as much in the past half-year as in the corresponding half of the preceding year. But, in the first place, the Discount Companies do not allow as much interest as the joint-stock banks, and in the second place they incur risks that are not incurred by the joint-stock banks. They take bills which the joint-stock banks would not care to discount, and they lend upon the Stock Exchange—at least, one of them does—in a form which is thought to be risky by the joint-stock banks. The half-year, it will also be recollected, has been much disturbed by alarmist rumours. At the beginning of the half-year Messrs. Murrieta & Co. went into liquidation, and before that there was much uneasiness in the City. Afterwards there was a great revival of confidence; the prices of sound securities rose, and business became large. Unfortunately, the failure of the New Oriental Bank, and the fear that the fall in silver would lead to other failures, renewed apprehension, and so the half-year closed in gloom.

Respecting the future, the bank chairmen were cautious how they ventured upon an opinion, and very naturally so while the future of silver is so uncertain as it is at present. It looks just now as if the continued purchases of silver and exports of gold were causing grave distrust in the United States. Should this distrust grow, one of two things must happen: either there must be a crisis, or the purchases of silver must be stopped. But in either

event there will be a fall in silver, and a serious fall in silver will make worse the already great depression in the Far East, and will intensify the apprehension respecting the Eastern banks. It is possible, of course, that the anticipated crisis in the United States may be averted; that some measure may be adopted which will restore confidence, and that thus the prosperity of the United States may increase, and may impart confidence to Europe. It is also possible that the dreaded fall in silver may not be as great as the best observers now fear. But while uncertainty continues as strong as it is now, there is not very much probability that business will greatly improve. Here at home the crisis has undoubtedly passed away, and there would already be a very considerable recovery were it not for the silver difficulty; but people cannot see how the United States can escape from the troubles created so needlessly without stopping altogether the purchases of silver; and if the American purchases of fifty-four million ounces every year are suddenly stopped, people cannot see how a very ruinous fall in silver can be avoided. And a ruinous fall in silver would probably have so many far-reaching effects that while the danger of it continues new enterprises will not be entered upon to any considerable extent, and speculation will remain paralysed. If so, the new half-year will not be much more profitable to bankers than the past, although naturally, of course, there will be a greater demand for banking accommodation than in the spring.

#### CHRONICLE OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

WE have been learning something more during the week of the cost of "partitioning" Africa. The Dark Continent has suddenly produced quite a portentous crop of charges and allegations against the unhappy agents of perfidious Albion. Uganda no sooner sinks into a place of secondary importance than the wicked machinations of Sir C. Euan-Smith give the jealous journalists of France and Spain a welcome text. Our "bashador" has barely shaken off the dust of the Moorish Court when Lieutenant Mizon appears with a budget of information for the discomfiture of the Royal Niger Company. He is quickly followed by the Marquis de Bonchamp, one of the survivors of the Katanga expedition in which poor Stairs lost his life, who casts all the blame of the events in Uganda upon the English missionaries. And, lastly, there are less definite reports from the south-east of the Congo Free State and from the Kilima-Njaro district, where Belgian and German officers respectively complain of British mischief-making. These last may be shown to be altogether unfounded, or they may be easily disposed of; while the Morocco incident is, for good or ill, closed for the time being, and M. Mizon has been effectually exposed by Lord Aberdare. But, even though we may escape from all these difficulties, it is disquieting to reflect upon what may happen when the much-fêted Lieutenant has returned to hunt up material for new romances, and when his example has sunk into the minds of every French official in Africa.

We have still only Mr. Bonsal's long and bright letters on the Morocco *fiasco*, but these are accepted as thoroughly reliable. The conduct of the Sultan is now attributed to the fear of internal trouble and the overpowering influence of reactionary advisers; the representatives of France had not the power, though they certainly showed the disposition, to upset the mission. Mr. Bonsal declares indeed, as a matter of personal knowledge, that Count d'Aubigny has been negotiating with the rebel leader, El H'mam, promising that if he would accept French citizenship he should not be harmed, and that the Sultan should be forbidden to enter the territory where he is acknowledged chief. Fighting with the



Anghera tribesmen is daily expected outside Tangier' but the Sultan's soldiers prefer the more congenial work of pillaging and maltreating the innocent villagers around.

Lieutenant Mizon persists in his assertion that he was the victim of two attempts at assassination, that the "assassins," so far from being punished, were rewarded by the Niger Company, and that the help given him by the Company was such as is only given to persons who are no longer dangerous to selfish interests. The Company, he says, is regularly violating the Treaty of Berlin and international law by practically preventing the navigation of the Niger. His effusive letter of thanks to Mr. Flint he now dismisses as simply dictated by motives of expediency in a difficult situation. There was a gay scene at the Paris Hôtel de Ville on Saturday last, when the Municipal Council banqueted the Lieutenant and his two Arabs and little negress, "Mlle." S'nabou, who were brilliantly decked out for the occasion.

The Arabs on the Upper Congo are reported to be in open revolt, and communication with the Belgian Anti-Slavery stations on Tanganyika is cut off. Our old friend Tippoo Tib is said, however, to have remained faithful. There are other ill-defined troubles on the Oubanghi, where Captain Le Marinel has given great dissatisfaction among Europeans by forbidding certain trading operations, probably owing to delicate relations with the natives.

The rebellion against the Ameer of Afghanistan is steadily extending.

The only question which has excited any interest in connection with the elections to the French Conseils-Généraux which take place to-morrow is that of the prospect of Clericalism, and even this has lapsed with the submission of the authors of the electoral catechisms to the secular authorities.

The commercial treaty which was signed last Saturday by the representatives of France and Switzerland brings the minimum tariffs into force next year, and the duties on certain articles will be lowered. Coincidentally a literary and artistic convention, of which the details are not yet published, was signed, and it was agreed that commercial travellers of either nation shall receive the same friendly treatment.

The French naval manœuvres were opened on Wednesday. The ruins of St. Cloud have been sold for a little over three thousand francs, and the site will be turned into a garden. The ingenious M. Deloncle suggests a tax of ten francs a year on cycles.

The floating in two Paris papers of a characteristic dead-season story of a great plot by which the city was to be destroyed was quickly followed by the arrest of two Anarchists named Parmeggiani and Dufournel, who are said to be very desperate characters, although no present offence is yet proved against them. The trial of the Liège dynamitards—why call these scoundrels Anarchists?—was concluded on Tuesday, nine of the prisoners being sentenced to long terms of imprisonment, and six others acquitted. The Rouen and Versailles trials have also ended with severe sentences against the prisoners.

King Humbert's visit to Genoa for the Columbus *fêtes* next week, and the proposal that the French fleet should be drawn up there for his inspection, have occasioned much heart-searching in the more noisy section of the French press. First, all statements on the subject were declared to be premature; then it was pointed out that this would be a harmless and tardy courtesy in return for the visit of the Italian fleet to Toulon. But the matter is still *in nubibus*. After reviewing his own fleet, the King will probably go to Spezia for some experiments with a submarine boat, after which he will unveil a monument of Victor Emmanuel at Leghorn. Huelva will be *en fête* from Tuesday next, which is the 400th anniversary of Columbus's sailing.

Etna is again in violent eruption.

The Glaris speech of the President of the Swiss

Confederation has been echoing round and round Central Europe, and one of the last and most interesting statements it has provoked has been a rebuttal by Count Waldersee, who is holidaying among the Alps, of the suggestion that the Triple Alliance might in case of war infringe the neutrality of the little kingdom. The Count added a mournful word upon Mr. Gladstone's advent to power. His sympathy, of course, is with "Lord Salisbury's idea of a strong Italy, especially on the sea, in order to prevent the ascendancy of France in the Mediterranean," and he thinks the evacuation of Egypt would be a great mistake.

The Bismarck demonstrations at Kissingen and Jena were even more successful than had been expected, but there is nothing of moment in the Prince's speeches. Kaiser Wilhelm got home from his Norwegian cruise on Wednesday, and he is to leave to-day for Cowes.

M. Stambouloff plays bravely, and the politicians who have been discussing the expediency of commuting some of the sentences in the Sofia trial reckoned without their host. The four condemned conspirators were duly executed on Wednesday morning. The *Svoboda* has been publishing a number of the Russian diplomatic communications with the plotters, which show at once a full approval of the attempts to ruin the Bulgarian Government, and a cynical doubt as to the effectiveness of all native agencies, a doubt which is likely to be felt with double force after this last disgraceful failure. The Russian official organs angrily declare the papers to be forgeries.

The Belgian Chamber agreed on Tuesday to the Government's proposal for a Parliamentary Committee upon the revision schemes. Several have since been submitted, including M. Janson's project of manhood suffrage, a proposal to institute the referendum—making recourse to it obligatory if demanded by 100,000 electors or by five provincial Councils—and two others for the reorganisation of the Senate. The agitation has meanwhile given rise to a new combination of Radical Labour-men and Catholics, which promises to become an important political factor.

Another and more serious difficulty in constitutional revision, though not settled, has been indefinitely postponed. Having broken off negotiations with M. Stang, who insisted on the appointment of independent consuls for Norway, King Oscar on Saturday summoned M. Steen, and after many runnings hither and thither the Storting decided to ask the Steen Ministry to remain in office, the settlement of the vexed question of foreign representatives being deferred *sine die*.

In spite of the fact that the cholera had already set its foot within the gates of Nijni Novgorod, the great fair was opened on Wednesday. The advance of the plague has been more rapid in the Caucasus than in the Volga valley. Great masses of refugees, with whom preventive measures are out of the question, are swarming into the Don country. The district of Viatka has now been seized. Altogether, nearly seven thousand new cases and nearly four thousand deaths were officially chronicled during last week. There have been more shocking disturbances in Astrakhan. Something of the actual state of high society in the capital of the Empire is indicated by the story of the finding of a miraculous *icon*, which was at once conveyed to the palace of the Grand Duchess Catherine Michaelovna, and there "venerated" by the Court Chaplain and others.

M. Vishnegradsky went up to his high office like a rocket some six years ago; he has come down, if not quite like a stick, at a very quick rate. He has recommended M. Witte to fill his place.

The shooting of Mr. Frick, the manager of the Carnegie works, by a man who is described, on the one hand, as a crazy Russian Jew, and, on the other, as the instrument of a great Anarchist conspiracy, and the stringing-up by the thumbs of a certain private soldier who cheered the infamous deed, are the events of the week in the American Labour War.